THE

VILLAGE PATRIARCH,

LOVE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

VOL. II.

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TO

HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq.,

THE FRIEND OF THE POOR, AND THE CHAMPION OF EDUCATION,

AS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS EFFORTS IN THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMANITY,

THIS POEM

IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

SHEFFIELD,

February 9, 1829.

PREFACE.

I AM called, as I expected to be, an unsuccessful imitator of the pauper-poetry of Wordsworth; although, with the exception of his great work, I never read his writings, until long after this poem was first printed. I might be truly called an unfortunate imitator of Crabbe, that most British of poets; for he has long been bosomed with me; and if he had never lived, it is quite possible that I might never have written pauper-poetry. However, my imitation fails, if it fail, not because it is servile, nor because I have failed to stamp my own individuality upon it, but because my pencil wants force, though it is dipped in sadness, and familiar with shadow. The clerical artist works with a wire brush; but he has been unjustly blamed for the stern colours in which he paints the sublimity of British wretchedness. In what other manner could a true poet have depicted the blessedness of ultra taxation, bread-monopoly,

and their inevitable result, the beautiful battle of ten dogs for one bone? Wordsworth has coloured similar objects differently! True, but Wordsworth only meets his subject half-way, and with his hinder-end towards it. "Sly is the look which, o'er his back, that wary poet throws." Crabbe, on the contrary, takes his hideous mistress in his arms, and she rewards his confidence in her, by telling him all her dreadful secrets. The severity of his style is an accident, belonging, not to him, but to the majesty of his unparalleled subject. Hence it is, that the unhappy people of the United States of America cannot bear to read Crabbe. They think him unnatural, and he is so to them; for in their wretched country, cottagers are not paupers! marriage is not synonymous with misery! partridge-shooting is not religion to the elect! But I write for Englishmen, and every true Briton ought to buy my goods. I may be presumptuous, but, I hope, not unpardonably so, in imitating those great modern masters of song, whom Homer probably copied in his "Swineherds and Good Peasants." If my composition smell of the workshop, and the dingy warehouse, I cannot help it; soot is soot; and he who lives in a chimney will do well to take the air when he can, and ruralize now and then, even in imagination. But we are cursed with evils infinitely worse than a sooty atmosphere. We are bread-taxed. Our labour, our skill, our profits, our hopes, our lives, our children's souls, are bread-taxed. Should we not be better without agriculture altogether, than bread-taxed as we are?

Should we not have cheaper bread and more of it? higher profits, and wages that would purchase a larger quantity of food, by, at least, one third? Why should we toil for an arithmetical ratio of food, and a geometrical ratio of misery and crime? The bread-tax-eaters tell us openly, that we have, and shall have no alternative but extinction, or the lowest food that will support life; for they can breed any number of Irish savages, to take the places, and mock the graves, of those who go childless to their God, leaving behind them his best blessings, rejected! If we will furnish the moral restraint, they will furnish the demoralization. What signifies it, that rather than go to the Workhouse, we pawn our furniture for Saturday's wages; and half our tools, that, with the other half, we may furnish few goods for Saturday's market? what signifies it that we are men, possessed of heads and hands, and that we use them more industriously than any other people on the face of the earth? What signify these things, if we are compelled by the law to labour for the winds? Are we, indeed, men? If we were men like our fathers, the men of our Republic, the corn-laws would long ago have raised up Hampden's and Sidney's, and a Daniel O'Connell in every parish. Either we must have no corn-laws, or no trade. They cost us, as a direct tax, more than £80,000,000 sterling a year, and indirectly, perhaps, as much more. According to the advocates of the landed interest, who will not be suspected of telling lies against themselves, the annual value of all the agricultural produce of Great Britain

and Ireland, at the bread-tax-price, is £250,000,000. Now, the corn-laws not only raise the price of corn, but, in the same ratio, that of all other agricultural products, to the last bit of beef, the last potatoe, and the last turnip-top. We are not compelled to eat turnip-tops yet; but if it cannot be denied that the corn-laws have raised the price of wheat from, at least, 40s. per quarter, to at least 60s.—or 33 per cent. on the gross—it follows inevitably, that 33 per cent. on £250,000,000, is £82,500.000, to a farthing. If then the yearly cost of the corn-laws, as a direct tax, is £80,000,000, and, as an indirect tax, as much more, they cost us in all £160,000,000, or thrice as much as all the other taxes together! Thus, the agriculturists, compelled by the law to work against us, instead of working with us, not only neutralize their own value, but that of an equal number of other persons. The land-owners are destroying pounds, that they may steal sixpences. If we saw a brewer, ordering two of his servants to pump ale into a cooler, and at the same time ordering another servant to pump that ale out of the cooler into the street; we should say to ourselves, "this is a comical way of brewing!" we should think the brewer a very silly person, and we should tell him, that he was paying the wages of three men for the work of one, and wasting the ale beside! but we should also see before us an exact picture of bread-taxed England, at this moment! We, the vast majority, 16,000,000 of manufacturers and tradesmen, are trying to fill the cooler, while the minority, the 8,000,000 of

agriculturists, are throwing the ale out of the cooler into the street! This state of things cannot last much longer; and if it could, why should it? By suffering the agriculturists still to work against us, we shall not save them from ruin, but all will be impoverished together. They, for their villainous submission to a law which is as hostile to them, as to those whom they know they are robbing, will deserve their fate. The time, indeed, is coming, when the farmers themselves will rise as one man against the corn-laws; but it will then be too late; they will have beggared their customers. England in that day, will be an ocean of blood and horror, with only one star shining over it in the death-black firmament—the star of DEMOCRACY. The farmers will perish, the great merchants will perish, the great manufacturers will perish, without a struggle; and all the land-owners will perish, but like pirates, or madmen, crying, "Battle, to the water's edge, and then cling to the planks!" So tyrants perish, involving the innocent in their destruction. But all will not perish. There is a ship that will ride safely over the tremendous billows, and outlive the storm; I mean, the indestructible ship of the COMMONALTY That ship cannot perish.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
"A breath can make them, as a breath hath made;"

but the people are eternal. If, then, we were like our enemies, if we were men of violence and blood, as they say we are—should we try to save them from destruction? But we are not men of

violence and blood; we are men of peace, of thought, and of labour; professing, and worthy to profess, the religion of that greatest reformer, who died for being a reformer—the meek and peaceful Jesus. Let us then endeavour to prevent the realization of a catastrophe which the imagination itself dares not contemplate. Let us save the land-owners against their will, even though they reward us for it with the fate of the Gracchi. Them, the Roman nobility murdered; they then monopolized the soil, and oppressed and unsouled the people, until, at length, the barbarians of the north and south trampled on a degenerate empire. Even so, if the corn-laws continue, shall we be trampled under foot, by other than domestic barbarians, living in palaces, and riding in coronetted coaches! Already the modern huns possess the key of Europe. What will our bread-tax-eaters give them next? The Dardanelles? The Bosphorus? Why not the Thames? And if the corn-laws continue much longer, what means of defence shall we possess, against any invader? No trade! no power! no resources! no money, no arms, no fleets, no soldiers! and, worst of all, we shall have nothing worth fighting for! The Roman nobles killed the Gracchi, and monopolized the soil; but they did not bread-tax the Roman people. If we were invaded, and conquered, could the conqueror do worse than bread-tax us? Assuredly, he would not do that; he would know his own interest better. The British government is the only one that ever legislated against the bread of its people. Will the people, then, fight for

the bread-tax? for the bread-tax-eaters? If they will, may the infamous whip—which none know so well how to wield as the bread-taxry of England—horribly kill with patrician mercy all whom the bullet spares! But there are some among us who will not fight for the bread-tax. They may fail in their efforts to save their country; but they will have done their duty. Their country may fall; but they will not have overthrown her; nor have laughed, nor have yawned, while the enemies of the human race were tearing out her vitals, and feeding on them exultingly in open day, like over-gorged wolves, that vomit, and return, with lolling tongues, to gorge again. One would think the land-owners—and their apes, the laughers, and the yawners—might be satisfied with having rendered Revolution in this country inevitable. But they seem determined to ensure the worst horrors of Revolution also. What produced the horrors of the first French Revolution? Famine, like that which the corn-laws may produce here at any moment; famine, which covered France with misery and death, at the very outbreak of that tremendous convulsion, which might yet teach us, if we were wise, how to avoid our evil destiny; for nations are a fate unto themselves, and make what they call their destiny, be it for good, or for evil.

SHEFFIELD,
16*th November*, 1833.

CONTENTS.

VILLAGE PATRIARCH	Book I	PAGE 11
„ „	II	22
„ „	III	33
„ „	IV	48
„ „	V	60
„ „	VI	74
„ „	VII	86
„ „	VIII	103
„ „	IX	113
„ „	X	128
LOVE.	Book I	153
„	II	168
THE LETTER		187
THEY MET AGAIN	Book I	203
„ „ „	II	212
„ „ „	III	223
WITHERED WILD FLOWERS,	Book I	237
„ „ „	II	251
„ „ „	III	255
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS		281

ERRATA.

Page 10, line 2, instead of a note of admiration, a comma; line 3, instead of a note of interrogation, a note of admiration.
Page 13, line 11, instead of ' wert', read ' wast'.
Page 14, line 2, instead of ' skaiter', read ' Skaiter'.
Page 36, line 21, instead of ' lends', read ' leads'.
Page 41, line 13, instead of ' there', read ' their'.
Page 44, line 17, instead of ' the hazle crimson', read, ' the hazle's crimson'.
Page 46, line 22, instead of ' parish', read ' pariah'.
Page 56, line 25, after ' thow', omit the comma.
Page 75, line 16, after ' dreams', a comma.
Page 104, line 3, for ' rafted,' read ' raftered'.
Page 105, line 2, after ' go', a period.
Page 121, line 4, for ' are', read ' art'.
Page 124, line 1, after ' encreased,' a semicolon, line 16, for ' shodows', read ' shadows'.
Page 127, line 8, after ' spare', a period.
Page 133, line 6, after ' hale', a note of admiration.
Page 134, line 19, instead of ' crowning', read ' crowing'.
Page 136, line 22, instead of ' Smites', read ' smites.'
Page 142, line 20, instead of ' Polanthus', read ' Polyanthus'
Page 150, line 27, after ' deep', read ' that'.
Page 151, line 2, after ' efforts,' omit comma; line 4, after ' days', omit comma; line 6, after ' futurity', omit comma.

EXORDIUM.

MONOPOLY! if every funeral bough
Of thine be hung with crimes too foul to name;
Accurs'd of millions! if already thou,
Watch'd by mute vengeance, and indignant shame,
Art putting forth thy buds of blood and flame,*
What will thy fruitage be? No matter.—Wave
Thy branches o'er our hearts! and, like a pall,
Let thy broad shadow darken Freedom's grave!
Not yet the Upas of the Isles shall fall,
If ought shall stand.—Spread then, and cover all!
Fear'st thou the axe? Long since the feller died;
And thou art deaf to thunder. But, Black Tree!

* But what can the Grand Bashaws of any nation have to fear from the discontent of six, or eight, or ten, or twelve millions of paupers? The multitude have ever been as a flock of sheep, whether they offer their wool to the shears, or their throats to the knife. 'God curse these christian dogs!' said Kaled, 'they tire my arm.' 'Confound these Rebels!' cries the Orange Squire; 'let us *ride* them down; they are but six millions.' 'The thicker the hay, the easier mown!' said Alaric, and *he*, too was a barbarian.

Thy own fruits will consume thee in thy pride!
Oh! may thy inbred flame blast nought but thee!
When burns the beacon which the blind shall see?
Meantime, I make my theme the toil and grief
That water thee with tears—the fear and hate
Whose mutter'd curses fan thy deadly leaf—
Sad, silent changes—burning wrongs, that wait
To hear Delusion scream at Rapine's gate,
'Our master's cause is lost, and Hell is undone!'

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK I.

CONTENTS.

Continued frost.—Enoch Wray leaves his cottage on a visit to the neighbouring town.—His blindness and poverty.—His familiarity with the old roads of the country.—His perplexity in the town.—Changes there.—Rural names of some of the streets.—Country-born widow, and her attempts at a garden:—her consumptive boy, and his flowers.—Female artisans singing hymns at their labour.—Meeting of Enoch Wray and his old blind servant.

THROUGH fiery haze broad glares the angry sun;
The travell'd road returns an iron sound;
Rings in the frosty air the murderous gun;
The fieldfare dies; and heavy to the ground,
Shot in weak flight, the partridge falls—his wound
Purpling with scatter'd drops the crusted snow.
Loud thumps the forge; bright burns the cottage fire,
From which the tilter's lad is loth to go.

Well pleas'd the tramper sees the smoke aspire ;
High flies the swan ; each wild strange bird is shyer,
And, terror-taught, suspects hill, vale, and plain.

Our poor blind father grasps his staff again ;
Oh, Heav'n, protect him on his way alone !
Of things familiar to him, what remain ?
The very road is chang'd ; his friend, the stone
On which he wont to sit and rest, is gone ;
And ill the aged blind can spare a friend !

How lone is he, who, blind and near his end,
Seeks old acquaintance in a stone or tree !
All feeling, and no sight ! oh, let him spend
The gloaming hour in chat with memory !
Nor start from dreams, to curse reality,
And friends, more hard and cold than trees and stones !

He takes the townward road, and inly groans
At men, whose looks he does not see, but feel ;
Men, whose harsh steps have language, cruel tones,
That strike his ear and heart, as if with steel !
Where dwelt they, ere Corruption's brazen seal
Stamp'd power's hard image on such dross as their's ?

Thou meanest thing that Heav'n endures and spares !
Thou upstart Dandy, with the cheek of lead !
How dar'st thou from the wall push those grey hairs ?

Dwarf, if he lift a finger, thou art dead:
His thumb could fillip off thy worthless head,
His foot, uplifted, spurn thee o'er the moon!

'Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon;'
And thinks, how chang'd his country, and his kind,
Since he, in England's and in manhood's noon,
Toil'd lightly and earned much; or, like the wind,
Went forth o'er flowers, with not a care behind,
And knew nor grief, nor want, nor doubt, nor fear.

Beadle! how canst thou smite, with speech severe,
One who was reverenc'd long ere thou wert born?
No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here,
Although that threadbare coat is patch'd and torn:
His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn,
But deems thee human, for thy voice is man's.

You, too, proud Dame, whose eye so keenly scans
The king's blind subject on the king's high road!
You, who much wonder, that, with all our plans
To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad!
Ye both are journeying to the same abode.
But, Lady, your glad eye, o'er wave and shore
And shoreless heav'n, with sightless speed may rove,
And drink resplendent joy:—while he no more
Shall look on Nature's face. Rock, river, grove,
Hate's withering frown, the heart-sent blush of love,

Noon, midnight, morning, all are dark to him!

Thou, skaiter, motion-pois'd, may'st proudly swim
In air-borne circles o'er the glassy plain,
While beauty lauds thy graceful sweep of limb;
But to the blind, alas, her praise is pain.
It but recals his boyish days in vain,
When he, too, seen and praised, could see and praise.
To him there is no beauty, but the heart's,
No light, but that within; the solar blaze,
For him, no colour to the rose imparts;
The rainbow is a blank; and terror starts
No ghost in darkness thicker than his own.

Yet sweet to him, ye stream-lov'd vallies lone,
Leafless, or blossoming fragrant, sweet are ye!
For he can hear the wintry forest groan,
And feel the grandeur which he cannot see;
And drink the breath of nature, blowing free.
Sweet still it is through fields and woods to stray;
And fearless wanders he the country wide,
For well old Enoch knows each ancient way;
He finds in every moss-grown tree a guide,
To every time-dark rock he seems allied,
Calls the stream, 'Sister,' and is not disown'd.

Usurper of the hills! hast thou dethron'd
The regal oak? He bows his honours hoar,

Too conscious of his fall, in vain bemoan'd ;
He yields to thee, storm-loving sycamore!
And on the inland peak, or sea-beat shore,
Thou reign'st alike. But thee, though yonder hill
Stoops to thy height, our father planted here.
And still he loves thy palmy shade; and still,
Ev'n when the snow-flake plumes thy branches sere,
He climbs the age-worn road that lingers near,
And seems, though blind, on distant hills to gaze.

But much he dreads the town's distracting maze,
Where all, to him, is full of change and pain.
New streets invade the country ; and he strays,
Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,
For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane
Where oft he play'd at Crusoe, when a boy.
Fire vomits darkness, where his lime-trees grew;
Harsh grates the saw, where coo'd the wood-dove coy;
Tomb crowds on tomb, where violets droop'd in dew;
And, brighter than bright heav'n the speedwell blue
Cluster'd the bank, where now the town-bred boor
(Victim and wretch, whose children never smile,)
Insults the stranger, sightless, old, and poor,
On swill'd Saint Monday, with his cronies vile,
Drunk, for the glory of the holy isle,
While pines his wife, and tells to none her woes!

Here, Enoch, flaunts no more the wild briar rose,

Nor basks the lizard here, or harmless snake.
In spring, no more the broom, all golden, glows
O'er the clear rill, that, whimpering through the brake,
Heard thy blythe youth the echoing vale awake.
All that was lovely then, is gloomy now.
Then, no strange paths perplex'd thee, no new streets,
Where draymen bawl, while rogues kick up a row;
And fish-wives grin, while fopling fopling meets;
And milk-lad his rebellious donkey beats,
While dwarfish cripple shuffles to the wall;
And hopeless tradesman sneaks to ale-house mean;
And imps of beggary curse their dad, and squall
For mammy's gin; and matron poor and clean,
With tearful eye, begs crust for lodger lean;
And famish'd weaver, with his children three,
Sings hymns for bread; and legless soldier, borne
In dog-drawn car, imploreth charity;
And thief, with steak, from butcher runs forlorn;
And debtor bows, while banker smiles in scorn;
And landed pauper, in his coach and four, (A.)
Bound to far countries from a realm betray'd,
Scowls on the crowd, who curse the scoundrel's power,
While coachee grins, and lofty lady's maid
Turns up her nose at bread-tax-paying trade,
Though master bilketh dun, and is in haste.

Chang'd scenes, once rural—chang'd, and not defac'd!

Far other woes were your's in times of old,
When Locksley o'er the hills of Hallam chas'd
The wide horn'd stag, or with his bowmen bold
Wag'd war on kinglings. Vassal robbers prowl'd,
And tiger-like, skulk'd robber lords for prey,
Where now groan wheelworn streets, and labour bends
O'er thousand anvils. Bled the feudal fray,
Or rav'd the foray, where the cloud ascends
For ever; and from earth's remotest ends
Her merchants meet, where hamlets shriek'd in flames.

Scenes, rural once! ye still retain sweet names,
That tell of blossoms, and the wandering bee:
In black Pea-Croft no lark its lone nest frames;
Balm-Green, the thrush hath ceas'd to visit thee!
When shall Bower-Spring her annual corncrake see,
Or start the woodcock, if the storm be near?

But, mourning better days, the widow here
Still tries to make her little garden bloom,
For she was country-born. No weeds appear,
Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb;
To them, alas, no second spring shall come!
And there, in May, the lilac gasps for breath;
And mint and thyme seem fain their woes to speak,
Like saddest portraits, painted after death;
And spindling wallflowers, in the choaking reek,

For life, for life, uplift their branches weak.
Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slated shop
Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea!
O'er them no more the tiny wren shall hop;
Poor plants! poor child! I pity them, and thee!
Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree:
They fade, thou diest; but thou to live again,
To bloom in Heav'n. And will thy flowers be there?
Heav'n, without them, would smile, for thee, in vain.
Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair,
There violets breathe of England's dewy air,
And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,
Who then shall bend above thy early bier,
Mourning her feeble boy for ever gone,
Yet long to clasp his dust for ever here!
No, no, it shall not want or flower or tear!
In thy worn hand her sorrow will not fail
To place the winter rose, or wind-flower meek;
Then kiss thy marble smile, thy forehead pale,
But not the icy darkness from thy cheek;
Then gaze—then press her heart, that yet shall break;
And feebly sob, 'My child! we part to meet!'

Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
Like flute notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
There hapless woman at her labour bends,
While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends;

And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
She sings, 'I waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord,
'He set my feet upon his rock ador'd!'
And then, perchance, 'O God, on man look down!'

And Enoch seeks, with pensive joy, the town;
For there his brother in misfortune dwells,
The old and sightless sawyer, once his own.
They meet:—with pride and grief his bosom swells;
And how they once could see, each sadly tells.
But Charles is chang'd; and Enoch's bosom bleeds
To mark the change. Though ag'd but eighty years,
Bed-rid and blind, the sorrowing sawyer needs
All friendly aid. Crack'd, on the wall appears
His famous violin. No rival fears
His trembling hand, which never more shall call
The young, the gay, the manly, and the fair,
To penny hop, or rustic festival!
No fading prude again shall curl her hair,
Nor fop new whiskers buy, nor age repair
To hear him charm the loveliest of the land.
The tear is trembling in our father's eye;
Kindly he takes his ancient servant's hand,
Stoops to his whisper, to his feeble sigh
Sighs; and with hands uplifted reverently,
And Heav'nward eyes, upon his bended knees,

Implores the Father of the poor to spare
His pious friend, and cure his long disease;
Or give him strength his painful load to bear,
That, dying, he may shew, ' what good men are :'—
'For thou disdain'st not pray'r from lowly walls:
The squalid hovel, where the poor and just
Kneel, is, in thy sight, splendid as the halls
Where pray the proud—with contrite hearts, I trust—
Then highest, when they know they are but dust.
Oh, God, continue to thy grateful son
The grace which thou hast never yet denied
To humble faith, that bids thy will be done!
And let it still, in meekness, be his pride
To praise thy name, and hear it glorified!
Poor is thy son, and blind, and scorn'd, like me;
Yet thee we bless, that he can proudly say
He eats the hoarded bread of industry,
And that he hath not, in his evil day,
Tasted the bitterness of parish-pay.
Though frail thy child, like all who weep below,
His life, thou know'st, has been no baneful weed;
He never gather'd where he did not plough,
He reap'd not, where he had not scatter'd seed;
And Christ for wretched sinners deigned to bleed!
At *thy* tribunal want may be forgiv'n;
There, to be lowly, is not to be base;
Oh, then—if equal in the eye of Heav'n
Are all the children of the human race;

If pomp and pride have in thy courts no place;—
Let humble friends, who long have sojourn'd here
In love united, meet in love again,
Where dust, divorc'd from sin, and pain, and fear,
In ever-bless'd communion shall remain,
With powers that know not death, nor grief, nor stain,
Warbling to Heav'nly airs the grateful soul!

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK II.

CONTENTS.

A fine day in Winter.—Enoch Wray, seated in the sunshine, at his cottage door.—His neglected garden a symptom of poverty.—The condition of the poor changed for the worse, since the Patriarch was young.—Great events of his time:—Invasion of England by the Pretender;—American war;—French Revolution;—Napoleon.

THOU call'st the village patriarch to his door,
Brief, brilliant summer of a winter's day!
While the sweet redbreast, minstrel of the poor,
Perch'd on the blossoming hazle, trills his lay,
To cheer that blind good man, old Enoch Wray.
Behold our Father, still unbow'd by time!
Eld with his gentle locks full gently plays,
And pain, in reverence, spares the man sublime;
Oh, few such men grace these degenerate days!

Ev'n Death, though fain to strike, in awe delays,
As if immortal age defied his might.
Lo, where the peeping primrose comes again,
To see his sad bright eyes, that roll in night,
While melts the hoar frost on the cottage pane,
And dew drops glitter in the lonely lane!
Calm, as of old, with not one hoary hair
Chang'd, thou art listening for the vernal bee;
Thy fingers, like the daisy's petals fair,
Spread to the sun, that loves to look on thee,
Thou almost god-like in thy dignity!
Hark, how the glad rill welcomes thee with pride!
Ye have been friends and neighbours five score years:
Father! the stream still loiters at thy side,
And still unchang'd by envious time appears
Like human life, it flows a stream of tears,
But not to pass, like human life, away.

What, though thy locks of venerable grey
Claim not with yon wild cliffs coeval date,
Yet, blind old Man, shake hands with them, for they
Are dark like thee; and, by an equal fate,
They, too, enduring long, shall perish late.
Thou see'st not Winco, in his dusky cap,
Lean'd on his elbow, as becomes his years,
With all the past beneath him, like a map,
O'er which he bends and ruminates in tears;
But how like thee that woe-mark'd hill appears!

Ye are not changeless, though ye long endure,
And Eld herself sees but what still hath been,
In him and thee. Nor art thou yet mature
And ripe for death, but strong in age and green,
And alter'd less than this pathetic scene.
The cottage where thy sire, and his, were born,
Seems, as of old, a hillock in the vale;
But many a chink admits the breezy morn;
Neglect, long since, divorc'd the jasmine pale
That clasp'd thy casement; and the sorrowing gale
Sighs o'er the plot where erst thy choice flowers bloom'd.
Ah, when the cottage garden runs to waste,
Full oft the rank weed tells of hopes entomb'd,
And points at man, once proud, now scorn'd, debas'd!
The dogs bark at him; and he moves, disgrac'd,
O'er wither'd joys which spring shall ne'er renew.

Yet here, ev'n yet, the florist's eye may view
Sad heirs of noble sires, once dear to thee;
And, soon, faint odours, o'er the vernal dew,
Shall tempt the wanderings of the earliest bee
Hither, with music sweet as poesy,
To woo the flower whose verge is wiry gold. (B.)

But on thy brow, oh, ne'er may I behold
Sadness!—Alas, 'tis there, and well it may!

For times are chang'd, and friends grow scarce and
cold!
Oh, let not Want 'his ready visit pay'
To sightless age, that knew a better day!
Oh, may no parish crust thy lips prophane!

Man, poor and blind, who liv'st in worse than pain!
Where'er thou art, thou helpless, wingless owl!
The worm, our eyeless sister, might disdain
Thee, subject to thy fellow's proud control.
But what a worm is he, the blind in soul,
Who makes, and hates, and tortures penury!
Ah, who shall teach him Mercy's law sublime?
He who can sever woe and poverty,
Or pride and power, or poverty and crime;
He who can uninstruct the teacher, Time.
Oh, yet erect, while all around are bow'd,
Let Enoch Wray's majestic pride remain,
A lone reproach, to sting the meanly proud,
And shew their victims—not, perhaps, in vain
What Britons have been, and may be again.
Oh, Age and Blindness, why should you be pair'd?
Oh, sisters three, worst Fates, Want, Blindness, Age!
Hope look'd from Heav'n, beheld you, and despair'd!
But now she rends her hair, in grief and rage;
Her words are prophecy, her dreams presage
Evil to serf and lord; for want hath sworn
Thus, to the delver of the perilous mine,

And him who wakes with scrating file the morn—
'By the sad worm that dies not, I am thine,
And mine art thou; thy joys shall still decline
Till death; thy woes increase till death—Toil on!'

But why forestall our griefs? Dark thoughts, begone!
Sufficient is its evil for the hour.
The verdant leaves drop from us, one by one;
We need not shake them down. Life's weeping flower
Droops soon enough, however slight the shower;
And joy, unbidden, quits our fond embrace.

I *will* not read dejection in thy face,
Nor ought save tranquil hope, and gentle doom;
But deem thee parent of a happy race,
Thy slumbers peaceful, distant yet thy tomb;
And in thy autumn, late the rose shall bloom.
Come, let us walk, as we have often walk'd,
Through scenes belov'd, that whisper of the past;
And talk to me, as thou hast often talk'd
Of winged hours, too happy far to last,
When toil was bliss, and thrift could gather fast
Funds to sustain his long life's tranquil close;
When faces wore no masks, and hearts were glad;
When freedom's champions were not labour's foes;
When no man deem'd the wise and honest mad;
And Pope was young, and Washington a lad.

Thou to the past can'st say, 'Rise, live again!'
For, Enoch, well remember'st thou the time
When Britons till'd the Eden of the main,
Where manly thoughts were utter'd, even in rhyme,
And poverty was rare, and not a crime,—
What envied England was, long years ago.
That times are alter'd, thou can'st truly tell;
And, if thy thoughts are flowers that bloom in snow,
If with the present and the past they dwell—
Then, of the lifeless, like a passing bell,
Speak to the living, ere they perish, too.
If memory is to thee a precious book,
Brightest where written first, and brightly true,
Turning the pictured pages, bid me look
On sunny meadow and rejoicing brook,
And toil-brown'd labour, as the throstle gay.

Thou weepest, sightless man, with tresses grey!
But wherefore weep o'er ills thou canst not cure?
The darkest hour will quickly pass away,
And man was born to suffer, and endure.
But, come what may, *thy* rest is near and sure,
Thy bed is made, where all is well with all
Who well have done. Then, Enoch, cease to mourn!
Lift up thy voice, and wake the dead! Recal
The deeds of other days! and from the urn
Of things which were, shake words that breathe and burn.

O'er the dark mantle of the night are shed
Sparks of the sun, in starry spangles proud:
In show'ry spring, when morn his radiant head
Veils, the rich broom, with glittering diamonds bow'd,
Is sunny light beneath the sunless cloud.
Though Nature to thine eye is vainly fair,
Green laugh the seasons, and the laughing light
Is verdant in thy soul,—the flower is there
That wither'd four score years ago, still bright
And bathed in freshness by the dewy air;
And pitying spirits to thine ear repair
With tales, to which unsorrowing hearts are deaf;
And deeds, whose actors live not, live with thee;
Still laugh and weep long buried joy and grief,
Which, speaking with thine eloquent tongue, shall be,
When thou art gone, alive to memory.
Thus, to great men their country—when the bust,
The urn, the arch, the column fail—remains;
For ever speaks of godlike deeds the dust
Which feet immortal trod; and rocks, and plains,
When History's page no symbol'd thought retains,
Hear dim tradition talk of deathless men.

Bright on the storm-swoll'n torrent of the glen
Is angry sunset: bright, and warm, and strong,
Are the rich visions which the poet's pen
Clothes in sweet verse; but, brighter is the song

Of truth unwritten, from our father's tongue.
Ah, who starts now at Balmerino's name,
Which England heard pronounc'd in dreams, and
woke?
Then every mountain had a voice of flame;
Blue Kinderscout to starting Snailsden spoke,
And fiery speech from troubled Stanedge broke.
Tell, Enoch, yet again, of that huge tree,
Old as the hills; that tree, to whose broad shade,
Your herds were driv'n, when age and infancy,
The thoughtful matron, and the weeping maid,
Fled through the gloom where lonest Rivilin stray'd.
Speak of the cellar, and the friendly well,
In which thy mother, trembling, hid her plate;
The ancient cup, whose maker none can tell;
The massive tankard, used on days of state;
And coins long hoarded, all of sterling weight.
Say, how retir'd the robbers, disarray'd;
Boast of the arms thy sire was proud to wield;
Draw from its sheath, in thought, the trusty blade
That drove rebellion o'er Culloden's field,
Oppos'd in vain by Highland dirk and shield;
And feel the blood-rust on its splendor keen!

Then wing my spirit to a grander scene;
Let burning thoughts and words for utterance throng;
And bid me mark—though clouds will intervene
To veil the waters swift, and wild, and strong—

How pours the tide of human fate along.
Tell of sad strife with Britain's sons, who trode
Earth's virgin soil, beyond the sun-lov'd wave ;
Men—owning no superior, but their God,
Strong as their torrents, as their eagle, brave,—
Who dug with Freedom's sword Oppression's grave !
Tell, too, of him, the warrior-sage, whose deeds
Uncurs'd the future, and enfranchis'd man !
But, ah, not yet—Time's darkest hour succeeds,
Unmatch'd in woe since life and death began !
For Evil hath her place in Mercy's plan,
And long will find a theme for mournful rhymes.

Speak !—if thy soul, too full of ancient times,
Will condescend of later deeds to tell—
Speak of the day of blood, the night of crimes,
The moral earthquake, and the earthly hell,
When slaves smote tyrants, serv'd too long and well.
Say how Attention listen'd, pale in Heav'n,
When, madden'd by Abaddon's legion brands,
And too, too deeply wrong'd to be forgiv'n—
They found redemption in their own right hands,
Purg'd with retorted fire their demon'd lands,
And clad in fresher green the calcin'd sod.

Nor him forget, the stripling demigod,
Before whose glance the herded nations fled.
Tell how he crush'd the mountains with his nod,

Walk'd on the storm, and to convulsion said,
'Be still, thou Babbler!' Tell how he who read
The doom of kings, fail'd to foresee his own.
He placed upon his head the crown of steel;
But dream'd he of his grave, in ocean lone?—
Toussaint! thy foe was doom'd thy pangs to feel;
On jailer England, and on him, her seal
Hath History set. For ocean's waste of waves
Fenc'd not his throne from million hostile swords;
Therefore he built on multitudinous graves
A tyrant's power, and strove to bind with cords
Thought; for she mock'd him with her wing of words,
That withers armies. Who shall credit thee,
Genius? Still treacherous, or unfortunate,
Victim, or wronger! Why must Hope still see
Thy pinions, plum'd with light divine, abate
Their speed when nearest Heav'n, to uncreate
Her glorious visions? Aye, since time began,
Creatures, with hearts of stone, and brains of clay,
Scorning thy vaunt to wing the reptile, man,
O'er thee and thine have held barbarian sway;
And in the night which yet may have its day,
(The night of ages, moonless, starless, cold,)
If the rare splendor of the might of mind
Hath sometimes flash'd o'er plagues and errors old,
It flash'd but to expire, and leave behind
A deadlier gloom. But woodbine wreathes are twin'd

Round thorns; and praise, to merit due, is paid
To vulgar dust, best liked when earthy most.
While Milton grew, self-nourish'd in the shade,
Ten Wallers bask'd in day. Misrule can boast
Of many Alvas; Freedom, oft betray'd,
Found her sole Washington. To shine unseen,
Or, only seen to blast the gazer's eye;
Or struggle in eclipse, with vapours mean,
That quench our brightness, and usurp the sky;
Such, meteor Spirits! is your destiny,
Mourn'd in times past, and still deplor'd in these.

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK III.

CONTENTS.

Comparative independence of skilled labour.—Fine Sabbath Morning.—Sunday stroll of the Townsman.—Coach-race.—Misery and Misfortunes of the Poor.—Congregation leaving the Village Church.—Old Mansion.—Country Youth working in the Town.—Poacher of the Manufacturing Districts.—Concluding Reflections.

ERE Bedford's loaf, or Erin's sty be thine,
Cloud-rolling Sheffield! want shall humble all.
Town of the unbow'd poor! thou shalt not pine
Like the fall'n rustic, licens'd Rapine's thrall,
But, first to rise, wilt be the last to fall!
Slow are thy sons the pauper's trade to learn;
Though, in the land that blossoms like the rose,
The English peasant, and the Irish kerne,
Fight for potatoes, thy proud labourer knows

Nor workhouse wages, nor the exile's woes.
Nor yet thy bit of beef, thy pint of ale,
Thy toil-strung heart, which toil could ne'er dismay,
Nor yet thy honest, skill'd right hand shall fail;
Last, from thy hearths the poor man's pride shall stray;
And still shall come thy well-paid Saturday,
And still thy morn of rest be near and sure.

Light! all is not corrupt, for thou art pure,
Unchang'd, and changeless. Though frail man is vile,
Thou look'st on him—serene, sublime, secure,
Yet, like thy Father, with a pitying smile.
Light! we may cloud thy beams, but not defile.
Even on this wintry day, as marble cold,
Angels might quit their home, to visit thee,
And match their plumage with thy mantle, roll'd
Beneath God's throne, o'er billows of a sea
Whose isles are worlds, whose bounds infinity.
Why then is Enoch absent from my side?
I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
While Enoch journies to the house of pray'r;
Ah, ne'er came Sabbath day, but he was there!
Lo, how like him, erect and strong, though grey,
Yon village tower, time-touch'd, to God appeals!
But hark! the chimes of morning die away!

Hark !—to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust :—
Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind ; by none who puts his trust
In nought of earth that hath surviv'd the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best.

Hail, Sabbath ! day of mercy, peace, and rest !
Thou o'er loud cities throw'st a noiseless spell.
The hammer there, the wheel, the saw, molest
Pale thought no more. O'er trade's contentious hell
Meek quiet spreads her wings invisible.
But, when thou com'st, less silent are the fields
Through whose sweet paths the toil-freed townsman steals.
To him the very air a banquet yields.
Envious, he watches the pois'd hawk, that wheels
His flight on chainless winds. Each cloud reveals
A paradise of beauty to his eye.
His little boys are with him, seeking flowers,
Or chasing the too venturous gilded fly.
So by the daisy's side, he spends the hours,
Renewing friendship with the budding bowers :
And—while might, beauty, good, without alloy,
Are mirror'd in his children's happy eyes—
In his great temple, offering thankful joy

To Him, the infinitely Great and Wise,
With soul attuned to Nature's harmonies,
Serene, and cheerful, as a sporting child,
His *heart* refuses to believe, that man
Could turn into a hell the bloomy wild,
The blissful country, where his childhood ran
A race with infant rivers, ere began
King-humbling blind misrule his wolfish sway.

Is it the horn, that on this holy day,
Insults the songs, which rise, like incense sweet,
From lowly roofs, where contrite sinners pray,
And pious rustics, poor, yet clean and neat,
To hear th' apostle of the hamlet, meet?
They come, they come! behold, hark!—thundering down,
Two headlong Coaches urge the dreadful race;
Woe to outsiders, should they be o'erthrown;
Be ready, Doctor, if they break a trace!
Twelve miles an hour—well done; a glorious pace!
Poor horses, how they pant, and smoke, and strain!
What then? our jails are full, and England thrives.
Now, Bomb! now, Bomb! Defiance lends again;
Hurrah! Bill Breakneck, or the Devil, drives!
Whip!—populous England need not care for lives.
Oh, blessed Sabbath, to the coach-horse thou
Bringest no pause from deadly toil. For him
There is no day of rest. The laws allow

His ever-batter'd hoof, and anguished limb,
Till, death-struck, flash his brain with dizzy swim.
Lo, while his nostrils flame, and, torture-scor'd,
Quivers his flank beneath the ruthess goad,
Stretch'd, on his neck each vein swells, like a cord!
Hark! what a groan! The mute pedestrian, aw'd,
Stops—while the steed sinks on the reeling road,
Murder'd by hands that know not how to spare!

Now landed Trader, that, with haughty stare,
Thron'd in thy curtain'd pew, o'erlook'st the squire!
Be kind and saintly; give, for thou canst spare,
A pittance to the destitute; enquire
If yon pale trembler wants not food and fire?
Though thou could'st thrive, say not all others can.
But look and see how toil and skill are fed;
Lo, merit is not food to every man!
Pious thou art, and far thy fame is spread;
But *thy* Saint Peter never preach'd cheap bread.
Though bright the sun, cold blows the winter wind:
Behold the tramper, with his naked toes!
Where for the night shall he a lodging find?
Or bid that homeless boy relate his woes;
Oh, try to feel what misery only knows,
And be like him of Wincobank, who ne'er
Sent a fall'n brother heart-struck from his door!
Or be like Wentworth's lord, a blessing here!
Oh, imitate the steward of the poor,

According to thy means! Heav'n asks no more.
Think of the hope of ten, the sire of nine,
The proud, skill'd man, wheel-shatter'd yesterday:
His wife will wring her hands ere eve decline;
And, ah, the next week's wages, where are they?
Oh, soothe her, help her, name not parish-pay!
Think, too, of her, the maid who dwelt alone,
Whose first, sole, hopeless love was Enoch Wray.
Forgotten ere she died, she liv'd unknown,
And told her love but once, passing away
Like a slow shadow, in her tresses grey.
Proud, though despis'd, she sternly paid for rent
Her all, her weekly eighteen pence, and died,
Rather than quit the home where she had spent
Twice forty years. Her last pawn'd rug supplied
A fortnight's food. None heard her, if she sigh'd;
None saw her, if she wept; or saw, too late,
That tears were ice upon her lifeless face.
Her Bible on her lap, before the grate
That long had known no fire, gnawing a lace
With toothless gums,—the last of all her race—
She died of cold and hunger in her chair.

The bell strikes twelve. The ancient house of prayer
Pours forth its congregated youth and age;
The rich, the poor, the gay, the sad are there;
And some go thence, who, in their hearts, presage
That one week more will end their pilgrimage.

First, in all haste comes busy Bolus, croose
As bantam cock, and neat as horse fresh poll'd.
Then boys, all glad, as bottled wasps let loose,
Clapping their hands, because their toes are cold.
Then the new Squire (more dreaded than the old,)
Rais'd from the milk cart by his uncle's will—
A Norfolk farmer he, who lov'd his joke,
At tax-worn tradesman aim'd, with practised skill;
For, scorning trade, he throve, while traders broke,
And did not care a straw for Mister Coke.
Next, lo ! the monarch of the village school,
Slow Jedediah comes, not yet the last.
Well can he bear the blame for stubborn fool ;
Meekly he bows to yeoman, stumping past,
While Bolus, yet in sight, seems travelling fast.
Thou, Jedediah, learned wight, know'st well
Why rush the younglings from the porch, with glee.
Dear to thy heart is Nature's breezy fell;
Deeply the captive's woes are felt by thee,
For thou art Nature's, Freedom's devotee!
Witness, the moss that winter's rage defies,
Cull'd yesterday, beside the lizard's home;
Witness, thou lichen of the precipice,
Beautiful neighbour of the torrent's foam,
Pluck'd, where the desert often sees him roam !—
Next comes the train who better days have known,
Condemn'd the taunts of paupers born to brook,

With prostrate hearts, that mourn their hopes o'erthrown,
And downcast eyes, that shun th' upbraiding look
Then comes his worship; then his worship's cook;
And then, erect as truth, comes Enoch Wray,
Bareheaded still, his cheek still wet with tears,
Pondering the solemn text, as best he may.
Lo, close behind, the curate meek appears!
Kindly he greets the man of five score years, (c.)
The blind, the poor! while purse-pride turns away
And whispering asks, half wishful, half afraid,
If Enoch has applied for parish pay?
Short-sighted curate! ply the worldling's trade,
Or, unpreferr'd, grow pale with hope delay'd,
And die, the victim of low craft and spite.
Short-sighted curate! do as wordlings do;
Flatter the wolf: for he can snarl and bite.
What though thy life is pure, thy doctrine true!
The Squireling hates thee; Bolus hates thee, too.
Physician, surgeon, umpire of thy flock!
Dar'st thou be wise beyond the learned schools?
How laughs the Doctor at thy little stock
Of drugs and simples! Burn thy useful tools,
Priest and Mechanic, scorn'd by knaves and fools!
Then, fawn on wealth, and spurn the all-shunn'd poor.
To grandeur's halls, a punctual dun, repair;
Or still shall honest rags besiege thy door,

And thou be found at Want's bed-side in pray'r,
While Pain moans low, and Death is watching there,
And Hope sees better worlds beyond the sky.

Near yonder archer yews—that solemnly
Keep aye uprais'd their desolate hands, in praise
Of the old Heav'ns, and hoar antiquity—
Behold the Hall! There once dwelt Matthew Hayes,
A trading yeoman of the bygone days.
There, where his fathers sojourn'd on the plain,
And damn'd the French, yet lov'd all human kind,
His annual feast was spread, nor spread in vain;
There his own acres billow'd in the wind
There golden corn. A man of vulgar mind,
He laugh'd at learning, while he scrawl'd his cross,
And rear'd his boy in sloth. But times grew worse;
War came—and public waste brought private loss;
And punctual bankruptcy, the thriving curse,
Beggar'd his debtors, till an empty purse
Answer'd all claims. He sold his land—then died,
Following his broken-hearted wife—and left
Their son, the heir of prejudice and pride,
To drink, and swear, of self-respect bereft,
And feed the day's debauch by nightly theft.
Behold his home, that sternly could withstand
The storms of more than twice a hundred years!
In such a home was Shakspeare's Hamlet plann'd,
And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambitious tears

O'er Colon's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of cluster'd chimneys, tufted o'er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey,
Yet envy-stung, and muttering evermore
To yon red villa, on the king's highway,
'Thou Dandy! I am *not* of yesterday.'
Time seems to reverence these fantastic walls:
Behold the gables quaint, the cornice strong,
The chambers, bellying over latticed halls,
The oaken tracery, outlasting long
The carven stone: nor do their old age wrong
With laughter vile, or heartless jest profane.

Why, Enoch, dost thou start, as if in pain?
The sound thou hear'st the blind alone could hear
Alas! Miles Gordon ne'er will walk again;
But his poor grandson's footstep wakes thy tear,
As if indeed thy long lost friend were near.
Here oft with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,
Wanders the youth—town-bred, but desert-born.
Too early taught life's deepening woes to know,
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,
And gives much labour for a little corn,
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,
He sweats, to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay.
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,

And grind him fiercely; but he still can get
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns;
They have not sent him like a pauper yet
For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns;
Such tactics do not answer yet, in towns.
Nor have they gorg'd his soul. Thrall though he be
Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity,
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!
Though hourly ills his every sense invade
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is roll'd,
He yet respects the power which *man* hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.
But, when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers pass'd their lowly lives,
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,
And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strew'd,

And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!
How proud, to feel his heart not all subdu'd!
How happy to shake hands with Solitude!
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,
The rock, that o'er his father's freehold towers!
And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild flowers.
Cropp'd on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers,
The hawthorn blossom in his window droops;
Far from the headlong stream and lucid air
The pallid alpine rose to meet him stoops,
As if to soothe a brother in despair,
Exiled from Nature and her pictures fair.
E'en winter sends a posy to his jail,
Wreath'd of the sunny celandine—the brief
Courageous wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—
The hazel-crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
The daisy with its half-clos'd eye of grief—
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song!

Bird! who would swelter with the laden throng,
That had thy wings? Earth spurners, you are free!
But thou must drag the chains of life along,
And, all but hopeless, till thou cease to be,
Toil, woe-worn Artisan! Yet unlike thee
Is minion'd Erin's sty'd and root-fed clown.
How unlike thee, though once erect and proud,
Is England's peasant slave, the trodden down,

The parish-paid, in soul and body bow'd!
How unlike thee is Jem, the rogue avow'd,
Whose trade is poaching! Honest Jem works not,
Begs not, but thrives by plundering beggars here.
Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,
He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,
And feeds on partridge, because bread is dear.
Sire of six sons, apprentic'd to the jail,
He prowls in arms, the tory of the night;
With them he shares his battles and his ale;
With him they feel the majesty of might;
No despot better knows that Power is Right.
Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown;
Hark, how he calls beadle and flunky liars;
See, how magnificently he breaks down
His neighbour's fence, if so his will requires;
And how his struttle emulates the Squire's!
And how like Mistress Gig, late Betty Scrub,
Or Mister Dunghill, with his British pride,
He takes the wall of Glossin and his cub,
Or loyal Guts, who, bursting, coughs, to hide
The wounded meanness he mistakes for pride.
Jem rises with the moon; but when she sinks,
Homeward, with sack-like pockets, and quick heels,
Hungry as boroughmongering goul, he slinks.
He reads not, writes not, thinks not—scarcely feels;
Insolent ape! whate'er he gets he steals,
Then plays the devil with his righteous gain!

Oh, Thou, whom conquer'd seas made great in vain,
Fall'n Venice! Ocean Queen no more! oppress'd
Nurse of true slaves, and lords whom slaves disdain!
Whisper thy sickening sister of the west
That Trade hath wings, to fly from climes unbless'd,
Trade, the transformer, that turns dross to bread,
And reaps rich harvests on the barren main;
Trade, that uproots wild flowers, and from their bed
Digs forth hard steel, to hew the bondman's chain;
Tamer of Tyrants, else oppos'd in vain!
And ye—once guardians of the fainting state,
Shades of the Rockinghams, and Savilles! ye
Who liv'd when paupers did not dine on plate!
Wake!—can ye sleep? Indignant, wake! and see
Alms-taking wealth, alms-giving poverty!
Thou too, undemonizer of the proud!
Religion, that canst raise and dignify
The heart which abject penury hath bow'd!
From gorgeous climes beneath the eastern sky,
Call home the lightning of thy seraph eye;
Gird thy almighty loins; thy work *begin!*
Plead for the parish of the isle of woes,
And speak, with Luther's voice, to giant Sin!
So may the year of tortur'd ages close
Ere the slow Angel start from his repose,
Like Stanedge, shaking thunder from his mane.

But who will listen when the poor complain?

Who read, or hear, a tale of woe, if true?
Ill fares the friendless Muse of want and pain.
Fool! would'st thou prosper, and be honest, too?
Fool! would'st thou prosper?—Flatter those who do.
If, not unmindful of the all-shunn'd poor,
Thou write on tablets frail their troubles deep,
The proud, the vain, will scorn thy theme obscure.
What wilt thou earn, though lowly hearts may steep
With tears the page in which their sorrows weep?
Growl, if thou wilt, in vulgar sympathy
With plunder'd labour; pour thy honest bile
In satire, hiss'd at base prosperity;
And let his enviers, from their pittance vile,
Reward the pauper virtues of thy style.
But, hark! what accents, of what slave, inquire
Why rude mechanics dare to wield the quill?
He bids me from the scribbler's desk retire,
Re-hoof my fingers, and forget my skill
In railing foully, and in writing ill.
Oh, that my poesy were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
It then might teach poor Wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play,
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,
I feed on Nature's bane, and mess with scorn.
I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,

But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd
With gloating on the ills I cannot cure.
Like Arno's exil'd bard, whose music snarl'd,
I gird my loins to suffer and endure,
And woo Contention, for her dower is sure.
Tear not thy gauze, thou garden-seeking fly,
On thorny flowers, that love the dangerous storm,
And flourish most beneath the coldest sky!
But ye who honour truth's enduring form,
Come! there are heath-flowers, and the fanged worm
Clouds, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK IV.

CONTENTS.

Recitation of Manfred to Enoch Wray.—Byron, and his Contemporaries.—First perusal of Schiller's Robbers:—followed by the blindness of the Patriarch.—Further particulars of his History and Character.

ENOCH! the lights are darken'd on the hill,
But in the house a thoughtful watch is set;
Warm on the ancient hearth fire glimmers still;
Nor do the travellers their way forget,
Nor is the grasshopper a burthen yet.
Though blossoms on the mountain top the snow,
The maids of music yet are lingering near;
Still are the wakeful listeners wise to know;
Still to thy soul the voice of song is dear.

And when I read to thee that vision drear,
The Manfred of stern Byron, thou didst bend
Fix'd to drink in each touching word and tone;
On thy chang'd cheek I saw strong feeling blend
Impetuous hues; and tears fell, one by one,
From thy clos'd eyes, as on the moorland stone
The infant river drops its chrystal chill.

Say, then, is Pope our prince of poets still?
Or, may we boast, in these all rhyming days,
One climber of the Heliconian hill,
Whose classic spirit, and unborrow'd lays,
Johnson, or caustic Swift, had deign'd to praise?
Scott, whose invention is a magic loom;
Baillie, artificer of deathless dreams;
Moore, the Montgomery of the drawing-room;
Montgomery, the Moore of solemn themes;
Crabbe, whose dark gold is richer than it seems;
Keats, that sad name, which time shall write
tears;
Poor Burns, the Scotchman, who was not a slave
Campbell, whom Freedom's deathless Hope endear
White, still remember'd in his cruel grave;
Ill-fated Shelley, vainly great and brave;
Wordsworth, whose thoughts acquaint us with o
own;
Didactic, earnest Cowper, grave and gay;
Wild Southey, flying, like the hern, alone;

And dreamy Coleridge, of the wizard lay :—
These are true bards, who please not Enoch Wray!
But may not Byron, dark and grand, compete
With him who sung Belinda's ravished tress ?
Chaste is the Muse of Pope and passing sweet ;
But Byron is all fervor, rivalless
In might and passion. Woman's tenderness,
When woman is most tender, most deplor'd,
Moves not like his ; and still when least divine,
He is a god, whose shrines shall be restor'd—
Apollo, self-dethron'd. His mind a mine
Where night-born gems in cherish'd darkness shine,
He—thrice a Ford, twice an Euripides,
And half a Schiller—hath a Milton's power,
But not a Shakspeare's ; strength, and fire, and ease,
And almost grace : though gloomy as the tower
Around whose dangerous brow storms love to lower,
His world is all within, like Enoch Wray's.

The full-blown flower, maturely fair displays
Intensest beauty, and th' enamour'd wind
Drinks its ripe fragrance. But could lengthen'd days
Have ripen'd to more worth dark Byron's mind,
And purg'd his thoughts, from taint of earth refin'd ?
Or would he have sent forth a fiercer glow,
And gloomier splendor from his core of fire ?
We know not what he might have been, but know
What he could *not* be. Proud of his high lyre,

We mourn the dead, who never can expire.
Proud of his fearless frown, his burning tear ;
Proud of the poet of all hearts, who heard
The mute reproach of Greece ; with zeal severe,
We scrutinize our least injurious word,
Nor longer deem his spleeny whims absurd,
His pangs ridiculous, his weakness crime.

Heaven's favourites are short liv'd. Stern fate a
time
Will have their victims ; and the best die first,
Leaving the bad still strong, though past their prim
To curse the hopeless world they ever curs'd,
Vaunting vile deeds, and vainest of the worst.
And He, who cannot perish, is no more !
He died, who is immortal, and must be,
To time's slow years, like ocean to the shore,
The sun to Heav'n ! He died, where fell the free (
Of ancient Greece ; and Greeks his loss deplore.
There, where they fight, as fought their sires of yor
In the great cause of all the good and great,
Liberty's martyr, England's—Europe's pride,
Girding his broken heart, he champion'd fate,
And laid down life—though not as Russell died,
To him, ' by better ties than blood,' allied.
Beyond the deep he perished, far from all
That darken'd death with love ; and though the wa
Leagued with his foes, to mock his dying call,

His dust is where his heart was, when he gave
Years of defeated glory for a grave,
Sighing in death his deathless love and woe.

Father! thy life has been prolong'd, to know
Strange times, strange men, strange changes, and strange lays.
The warrior-bard whom Athens, long ago,
Crown'd peerless heir of never-dying praise,
Hath found a greater. In those fearful days
When tempest-driv'n, and toss'd on troubled seas,
Thought, like the petrel, lov'd the whirlwind best,
And o'er the waves, and through the foam, with ease,
Rose up into the black cloud's thund'rous breast,
To rouse the lightning from his gloomy rest;
Then, in the shadow of the mountains dwelt
A lady, to whose heart high hopes were dear,
Who wildly thought, and passionately felt,
And strangely dream'd, that man, the slave of Fear,
And Pain, and Want, might be an angel here.
Full oft that lady of the glen remote
Call'd Enoch her wise mason; oft partook
His humble meal, while, mirror'd in his thought,
The pensive past assum'd her own sweet look.
'Twas then she gave him her last gift, a book
Dark with strange power, and fearfully divine.
It chill'd his blood, it lifted up his hair;

Spirits of terror liv'd in every line;
A spell was on its pages of despair,
And burning woes, which Nature could not bear.
'Twas grand, but dreadful as the thoughts that wrung
The son of morning, from the solar beam
Hurl'd to the centre, where his soul unstrung
Disdain'd submission still, too proud to seem
Unvanquish'd. Was it but a fearful dream,
That tale of Schiller's? *Did* the robber Moor,
Pierce through Amelia's broken heart his own?
Smite the dark tower and shake the iron door?
And *was* he answer'd by a father's groan?—
Th' Avonian seer hath ceas'd to stand alone.
But thou no more shalt printed vision read,
Enoch! that dire perusal was thy last;
For, from thine eyeballs, with a spirit's speed,
Gone, and for ever, light and beauty pass'd.
Not that a horror and a woe too vast
Had quench'd thy brilliant orbs: nor was thy doom
Like his—the bard who sang of Eden's bowers,
The bard of lofty thought, all fire and gloom,
All might and purity—whose awful powers,
Too darkly strong for organs frail as ours,
Press'd on his visual nerve a pall-like night:
But God, who chastens whom he loves, ordain'd—
Although thy frame was vigorous, thy step light,
Thy spirit like th' autumnal gale unrein'd,—
That thine should be affliction, well sustain'd,

To shew the proud what humble worth can bear.

Then hither, Pride, with tearless eyes, repair!
Come, and learn wisdom from unmurmuring woe,
That, reft of early hope, yet scorns despair.
Still in his bosom light and beauty glow,
Though darkness took him captive long ago.
Nor is the man of five score years alone:
A heavenly form, in pity, hovers near;
He listens to a voice of tenderest tone,
Whose accents sweet the happy cannot hear;
And, lo, he dashes from his cheek a tear,
Caught by an angel shape, with tresses pale.
He sees her, in his soul. How fix'd he stands!
But, oh, can angels weep? Can grief prevail
O'er spirits pure? She waves her thin white hands;
And while her form recedes, her eye expands,
Gazing on joys which he who seeks shall find.
There is an eye that watches o'er the blind;
He *hath* a friend—'not lost, but gone before'—
Who left her image in his heart behind.
But when his hands, in darkness, trembled o'er
Her lifeless features, and he heard no more
The voice whose last tone bless'd him, frenzy came!
Blindness on blindness! midnight thick and deep,
Too heavy to be felt!—then pangs, like flame,
That sear'd the brain—sorrow that could not weep;
Fever, that would have barter'd worlds for sleep!

He had no tears, but those that inly pour,
And scald the heart; no slumbers, but the doze
That stuns the mourner who can hope no more;
But he had shudderings, stupor, nameless woes,
Horror, which only he that suffers knows.
But frenzy did not kill. His iron frame,
Though shaken, stood. The mind's night faded slow.
Then would he call upon his daughter's name,
Because it was her mother's! And his woe
Waned into resignation, pleas'd to show
A face of peace, without the smile it wore.
Nor did the widower learn again to smile (E)
Until his daughter to her Albert bore
Another Mary, and on yonder stile
He nurs'd the babe, that sweetly could beguile,
With looks unseen, 'all sadness but despair.'

Nay, Enoch, do not weep. The day is fair,
And flings bright lightnings from his helm abroad:
Let us drink deep the pure and lucid air,
Ere darkness call thee to her damp abode.
Hark, how the titling whistles o'er the road!
Holm, plume thy palms! and toss thy purple torse
Elm! but, Wood Rose, be not a bride too soon!
Snows yet may shroud alive the golden gorse:
Thou, early green, deem not thy bane a boon;
Distrust the day that changeth like the moon.
But still our father weeps. Ah! though all hues

Are dead to him, the floral hours shall yet
Shed o'er his heart their fragrance-loving dews!
E'en now, the daisy, like a gem, is set,
Though faint and rare, in winter's coronet.
Thy sisters sleep, adventurous wind-flower pale;
And thy meek blush affronts the celandine,
The starry herald of that gentlest gale
Whose plumes are sunbeams, dipp'd in odours fine:
Well may'st thou blush; but sad blight will be thine,
If glowing day shut frore in stormy night.

Still dost thou weep, Old Man? The day is bright,
And spring is near: come, take a youngster's arm;
Come, let us wander where the flocks delight
At noon to sun them, when the sun is warm;
And visit then, beyond thy uncle's farm,
The one-arch'd bridge—thy glory, and thy pride,
Thy Parthenon, the triumph of thy skill;
Which still bestrides, and long it shall bestride,
The discontented stream, from hill to hill,
Laughing to scorn the moorland torrent still.
How many years hath he slept in the tomb
Who swore thy bridge would yield to one year's rain!
E'en London folks, to see and praise it, come;
And envious masons pray, with shame and pain,
For skill like Enoch Wray's, but pray in vain.
For he could do, what others could not learn,
First having learned what Heav'n alone can teach:

The parish idiot might his skill discern ;
And younglings, with the shell upon their breech,
Left top and taw, to listen to his speech.
The barber, proudest of mankind, confest
His equal worth—' or so the story ran'—
Whate'er he did, all own'd, he did it best ;
And e'en the bricklayer, his sworn foe, began
To say, that Enoch *was* no common man.
Had he carv'd beauty in the cold white stone,
(Like Law, the unknown Phidias of our day,)
The village Angelo had quail'd to none
Whom critics eulogize, or princes pay ;
And ne'er had Chantrey equall'd Enoch Wray !—
Forgotten relic of a world that was !
But thou art not forgotten, though, alas !
Thou art become a stranger, sunny nook,
On which the changeful seasons, as they pass,
Wait ever kindly ! He no more will look
On thee, warm bank ! will see thy hermit brook
No more, no more. But kindled at the blaze
Of day, thy fragrance makes thy presence known.
Behold ! he counts his footsteps as he strays !
He *feels* that he is near thy verdure lone ;
And his heart whispers, that thy flowers are blown.
Pale primrose, know'st thou Enoch ? Long ago
Thy fathers knew him ; and their child is dear,
Because he lov'd them. See, he bends him low,
With reverend grace, to thee—and drops a tear.

'I see thee not,' he sighs, 'but thou art here;
Speak to a poor blind man!' And thou *canst* speak
To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break.
Oh, memory hears again the thrilling speech
Of thy meek beauty! Fain his hand would reach
And pluck thee—No! that would be sacrilege.

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK V.

CONTENTS.

An Excursion with Enoch Wray to the Mountains.—Beautiful Winter Morning.—Rivers of Hallamshire.—Short-liv'd Grinder, contrasted with the Patriarch.—The Moors.—Mountain Bee.—Enfeebled Snake.—Lost lad.—The Desert, a fit abode for Spirits.—Christ's love of Solitude.—Reflections, suggested by the desolation of the Scene.

COME, Father of the Hamlet! grasp again
Thy stern ash plant cut when the woods were young;
Come, let us leave the plough-subjected plain,
And rise, with freshen'd hearts, and nerves re-strung,
Into the azure dome, that, haply, hung
O'er thoughtful power, ere suffering had begun.

Flowers peep, trees bud, boughs tremble, rivers run:
The redwing saith, it is a glorious morn.

Blue are thy Heavens, thou Highest! and thy sun
Shines without cloud, all fire. How sweetly borne
On wings of morning o'er the leafless thorn
The tiny wren's small twitter warbles near;
How swiftly flashes in the stream the trout!
Woodbine! our father's ever-watchful ear
Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves are out.
The trailing bramble hath not yet a sprout;
Yet harshly to the wind the wanton prates,
Not with thy smooth lisp, woodbine of the fields!
Thou future treasurer of the bee, that waits
Gladly on thee, Spring's harbinger! when yields
All bounteous earth her odorous flower, and builds
The nightingale, in beauty's fairest land.

Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
Where sweetest vallies quit the wild and grand,
And eldest forests, o'er the silvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watch'd by all the hills.
Say, shall we wander, where, through warriors' graves,
The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
Her doric notes? Or, where the Locksley raves
Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
Dream yet of ancient days? Or, where the sky
Darkens o'er Rivilin, the clear and cold,

That throws his blue length, like a snake, from high ?
Or, where deep azure brightens into gold
O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden ? Or, where, roll'd
On tawny sands, through regions passion-wild,
And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted child,
Born in the waste, like headlong Wiming ? Hark !
The pois'd hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch !
He calls thee to his mountains ! Up, Away !
Up, up, to Stanedge ! higher still ascend,
Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
And, like the lives of human millions, blend
Disparted waves in one immensity !

Beauitful rivers of the desert ! ye
Bring food for labour from the foodless waste.
Pleas'd stops the wanderer on his way, to see
The frequent wier oppose your heedless haste.
Where toils the Mill, by ancient woods embrac'd,
Hark, how the cold steel screams in hissing fire !
But Enoch sees the Grinder's wheel no more.
Couch'd beneath rocks and forests, that admire
Their beauty in the waters ere they roar,
Dash'd in white foam the swift circumference o'er,
There draws the Grinder his laborious breath ;
There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends ;
Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death ;

Scorning the future, what he earns he spends ;
Debauch and riot are his bosom friends,
He plays the Tory, sultan-like and well :
Woe to the traitor that dares disobey
The Dey of Straps ! as rattan'd tools shall tell.
Full many a lordly freak, by night, by day,
Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.
Behold his failings ! hath he virtues, too ?
He is no pauper, blackguard though he be ;
Full well he knows what minds combin'd can do,
Full well maintains his birthright.—He is free,
And, frown for frown, outstares monopoly.
Yet Abraham and Elliot, both in vain,
Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom ;
He *will* not live ! he seems in haste to gain
The undisturb'd asylum of the tomb,
And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom !
Man of a hundred years, how unlike thee !

But steeper hills look down on stream and tree ;
I pray thee, pause, or, lo, I lag behind !
Ah, thou wilt prove an overmatch for me,
Despite the sad erectness of the blind.
Whoever walks with thee, though young, will find
'Tis hard for youth to emulate thy age.
They were adventurous Sampsons, that would try
To lift a load with Enoch, or engage
To fling a heavier quoit. And thigh to thigh,

And foot to foot, plac'd well and warily,
He who throws thee had need be in his prime.

The Moors—all hail !—Ye changeless, ye sublime,
That seldom hear a voice, save that of Heav'n !
Scorners of chance, and fate, and death, and time,
But not of Him, whose viewless hand hath riv'n
The chasm, through which the mountain stream is driv'n !
How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
But listening to his beating heart--ye lie !
With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep;
Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky;
Ye speak, are mute—and there is no reply !
Here all is sapphire light, and gloomy land,
Blue, brilliant sky, above a sable sea
Of hills, like chaos, ere the first command,
'Let there be light!' bade light and beauty be.
But thou art here, thou rarest cloudberry !
Oh, health-restorer ! did he know thy worth,
The bilious townsman would for thee resign
His wall-grown peach, well pleased. In moorland earth
Thee would he plant, thou more than nectarine !
Thou better grape ! and, in thy fruit divine,
Quaff strength and beauty from the living bough.

This scene is ancient, Enoch must allow.

Marble is less enduring than the flower
That wither'd ages hence, and withers now.
Where, black as night, th' unalter'd mountain's
tower,
And baffled Time sees things that mock his power.
I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the brib'd plough, defeated, halts below!
And thanks, majestic Barrenness, to thee,
For one grim region in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat, and paupers, will not grow!
Here pause, old Man, the alpine air to taste:
Drink it from Nature's goblet, while the morn
Speaks like a fiery trumpet to the waste.
Here despot grandeur reigns in pomp forlorn.
Despair might sojourn here, with bosom torn,
And long endure, but never smile again.
Hail to the tempest's throne, the cloud's high road,
Lone as the aged sky, and hoary main!
The path we tread the Sherwood outlaws trode,
Where no man bideth, Locksley's band abode,
And urg'd the salient roe through bog and brake.

Know'st thou our father, thou enfeebled snake,
That seek'st the sun too soon? Dost thou, in awe
And love, the seldom trodden path forsake?
To him, thou seem'st the very snake he saw
In ruddy boyhood. While thy folds withdraw,
Uncoil'd o'er cranshy roots, and fern-stalks dry,

He thinks he sees thee, colour'd like the stone,
With cruel and atrocious Tory eye,
And anxious look of dog that seeketh bone
Or sour Scotch placeman, when his place is gone,
To feed some Whiggish fool, who will not eat.

Bee! that hast left thy sandy-cov'd retreat (F)
Before the living purple hath purvey'd
Food for thee; potent pigmy! that the fleet
Wing'd moments of the past, and years, array'd
In patch-work, from the robe of things decay'd,
Recall'st from sad oblivion; thou canst do
What mightiest spirits cannot.—Silence hears
Thy murmur; and our sire, who hears it, too,
Lives o'er again a hundred pensive years.
Pathetic Insect, thou hast brought fresh tears
To sightless eye-balls, and a channel'd cheek.
Oh, that, once more, he could become a boy,—
And see the morning o'er the mountains break,
In clouds of fire, which army-like *deploy*,—
That he might chase thee, with a hunter's joy,
Vainly o'er moss and heath and plumy fern!

Father, we stand upon the mountain stern
That cannot feel our lightness, and disdains
Reptiles, that sting and perish, in their turn,
That hiss and die—and lo, no trace remains
Of all their joys, their triumphs, and their pains!

Yet to stand here might well exalt the mind :
These are not common moments, nor is this
A common scene. Hark, how the coming wind
Booms, like the funeral dirge of woe, and bliss,
And life, and form, and mind, and all that is !
How like the wafture of a world-wide wing
It sounds and sinks—and all is hush'd again !
But are our spirits humbled ? No ! We string
The lyre of death with mystery and pain,
And proudly hear the dreadful notes complain
That man is not the whirlwind, but the leaf,
Torn from the tree to soar and disappear.
Grand is our weakness, and sublime our grief.
Lo, on this rock, I shake off hope and fear,
And stand releas'd from clay !—yet am I here,
And at my side are blindness, age and woe.

Far to the left, where streams disparted flow,
Rude as his home of granite, dark and cold,
In ancient days, beneath the mountain's brow,
Dwelt with his son, a widower poor and old.
Two steeds he had, whose manes and forelocks bold
Comb ne'er had touch'd ; and daily to the town
They dragg'd the rock, from moorland quarries torn.
Years roll'd away. The son, to manhood grown,
Married his equal ; and a boy was born,
Dear to the grandsire's heart. But pride and scorn,
And avarice, fang'd the mother's small grey eyes,

That dully shone, like studs of tarnish'd lead.
She poison'd soon her husband's mind with lies;
Soon nought remain'd to cheer the old man's shed,
Save the sweet boy, that nightly shar'd his bed.
And worse days were at hand. The son defied
The father—seiz'd his goods, his steeds, his cart:
The old man saw, and, unresisting, sigh'd:
But when the child, unwilling to depart,
Clung to his knees, then spoke the old man's heart
In gushing tears. 'The floor,' he said, 'is dry:
Let the poor boy sleep with me this one night.'
'Nay,' said the mother; and she twich'd awry
Her rabid lip; and dreadful was the sight,
When the dwarf'd vixen dash'd, with fiendish spite,
Her tiny fist into the old man's face,
While he, soft-hearted giant, sobb'd and wept.
But the child triumph'd! Rooted to the place,
Clasping the aged knees, his hold he kept,
And once more in his grandsire's bosom slept.
And nightly still, and every night, the boy
Slept with his grandsire, on the rush-strewn floor,
Till the old man forgot his wrongs, and joy
Revisited the cottage of the moor.
But a sad night was darkening round his door.
The snow had melted silently away,
And, at the gloaming, ceas'd the all-day rain;
But the child came not. Wherefore did he stay?
The old man rose, nor long look'd forth in vain;

The stream was bellowing from the hills amain,
And screams were mingled with its sullen roar:
'The boy is in the burn!' said he, dismay'd,
And rush'd forth, wild with anguish. From the shore
He plung'd; then, staggering, with both hands display'd,
Caught, screaming, at the boy, who shriek'd for aid,
And sank, and rais'd his hands, and rose, and scream'd!
He leap'd; he struck o'er eddying foam; he cast
His wilder'd glance o'er waves that yelp'd and gleam'd;
And wrestled with the stream, that grasp'd him fast,
Like a bird struggling with a serpent vast.
Still, as he miss'd his aim, more faintly tried
The boy to scream; still down the torrent went
The lessening cries; and soon far off, they died;
While o'er the waves, that still their boom forth sent,
Descended, coffin-black, the firmament.
Morn came: the boy return'd not: noon was nigh;
And then the mother sought the hut in haste:
There sat the wretched man, with glaring eye;
And in his arms the lifeless child, embrac'd,
Lay like a darkening snow-wreath on the waste.
'God curse thee, dog, what hast thou done?' she cried,
And fiercely on his horrid eye-balls gaz'd:
Nor hand, nor voice, nor dreadful eyes replied;

Still on the corpse he star'd with head unrais'd ;
But in his fix'd eyes light unnatural blaz'd,
For *Mind* had left them, to return no more.
Man of the wither'd heart-strings! is it well ?—
Long in the grave hath slept the maniac hoar ;
But of the ' Lost Lad' still the mountains tell,
When shriek the spirits of the hooded fell,
And, many-voic'd, comes down the foaming snow.

Hail, silence of the desert !—I speak low
In reverence.—Here the falcon's wing is aw'd,
As o'er the deep repose, sublimely slow,
He wheels in conscious majesty abroad.
Spirits should make the desert their abode.
The meekest, purest, mightiest, that e'er wore
Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unbless'd
To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
And utter'd, on the star-sought mountain's breast,
The holiest precepts e'er to dust address'd.
Oh, happy, souls of death-free'd men, if here
Ye wander in your noiseless forms unseen !
Though not remote, removed from grief and fear,
And, all that pride shall be, and guilt hath been ;
While gentle death his shadow casts between
Thoughts seraph-wing'd, and man's infirmity !

To live unseen, but not to cease to be !
Unheard, unseen, with men, or rocks, to dwell !

Oh, that I were all thought and memory,
A wing'd intelligence invisible.
Then would I read the virgin's fears, and tell
Delicious secrets to her lover's heart,
By spectre-haunted wood, or wizard stream;
Or bid the awful form of Justice start,
And prompt the conscience-stricken murderer's scream;
Or scourge the rich man, in his ghastly dream,
For heartless deeds, unwept, and unaton'd.

Hail, Desolation! Solitude! and, thron'd
On changeless rocks, Eternity! Look down,
And say, What see ye?—Want, that vainly groan'd,
While mercy gave him stones for food! The frown
Of guilt, on minds and hearts, in ruins strown!
Hate, torturing Constancy, that lov'd too well!
Majestic things, in gnats that live an hour!
Soul-bartering Faction, fain to buy or sell,
And 'spous'd to Fraud, with kingdoms for a dower!—
Ye sister forms of Nature's dread and power!
Stand ye upon the earth? Heav'n hath no cloud,
To be a carpet for your dismal feet.
Ye stand upon the earth, and skies are bow'd
To knee your throne, this granite-pillar'd seat,
That is, and was, and shall be. Wildly beat,
Beneath your footstool, passions, feelings, deeds,—

Like billows on the solitary shore,
Where baffled wave to baffled wave succeeds,
Spurn'd by the sullen rocks, with sullen roar,
And rising, falling, foaming evermore,
To rise, and fall, and roar, and foam in vain.

Ye rocks! ye elements! thou shoreless main,
In whose blue depths, worlds, ever voyaging,
Freighted with life and death, of fate complain!
Things of immutability! ye bring
Thoughts, that with sorrow, and with terror, wring
The human breast. Unchang'd, of sad decay
And deathless change ye speak, like prophets old
Foretelling Evil's ever-present day;
And, as when Horror lays his finger cold
Upon the heart in dreams, appal the bold.
Oh, thou, Futurity, our hope and dread,
Let me unveil thy features, fair or foul!
Thou, who shalt see the grave untenanted,
And commune with the re-embodied soul,
Tell me thy secrets, ere thy ages roll
Their deeds, that yet shall be on earth, in Heav'n,
And in deep hell, where rabid hearts with pain
Must purge their plagues, and learn to be forgiven!
Shew me the beauty that shall fear no stain,
And still, through age-long years, unchang'd remain!
As one, who dreads to raise the pallid sheet

Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
With kisses warm, his ever-fond embrace;
So, I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK VI.

CONTENTS.

Enoch Wray versifies his dream. His anxiety to recite his composition to his Neighbour, Alice Green.—Snow Storm.—Disasters of Enoch Wray on his way to the Cottage of Alice Green.—Her person described.—An incident in her life,—and its consequences.—Her eloquence.

DREAMS! are ye vapours of the heated brain,
Or echoes of our deeds, our fears, our hopes?
Fever'd remembrances, that o'er again
Tell prose adventures, in poetic tropes,
While drowsy judgment with illusion copes
Feebly and vainly? Are ye paid when due?
Or like our cobweb wealth, unfound when sought?
Be ye of sterling value, weigh'd and true,
Or the mere paper currency of thought,

By spendthrift fancy sign'd, and good for nought—
Enoch hath dream'd a dream, like saddest truth,
And done it into rhyme. And Alice Green,—
The shrewish village quack, and ever sooth
Interpreter of dreams—can tell, I ween,
What signs and omens, rhym'd or rhymeless, mean.
With all a poet's ardour to rehearse
A vision, like the Florentine's of yore,
Feverish and nervous, muttering deathless verse,
He opens oft, and oft he shuts the door,
And every leaden minute seems a score.
But he is storm-bound. To the marsh below
While squattering ducks descend, and, with pale beams,
The hooded, ineffectual sun, through snow
That fell at night, and still is falling, gleams,
Like reason, struggling half awake, in dreams
He hears the redbreast peck the frosted pane,
Asking admittance to the warm fire-side;
And—while o'er muffled ruts each cart and wain
Moves without sound—he opes the casement wide,
To hail once more the guest he ne'er denied;
Then spreads his hands, to feel if yet the plumes
Of heav'n are wavering in the noiseless air;
Determin'd—when the burden'd sky resumes
Its lucid azure, clear, and cold, and fair—
Through paths of hidden peril to repair,
And have some harmless fun with Alice Green.

How wild, how wondrous, and how chang'd the scene
Since yesterday! On hill and valley bright
Then look'd broad heav'n, all splendid and serene;
And earth and sky were beauty, music, light.
But now the storm-cock shakes the powdery white,
With start impatient, from his shivering wings;
And, on the maple's loaded bough depress'd,
Perch'd o'er the buried daisy sweetly sings, (D)
With modulated throat, and speckled breast,
To cheer the hen bird, drooping in the nest
On dusky eggs, with many a dot and streak.

Love of the celandine, and primrose meek,
Star of the leafless hazle, where art thou?
Where is the wind-flower, with its modest cheek;
Larch! hast thou dash'd from thy denuded brow
Blossoms, that stole their rose-hues from the glow
Of Even, blushing into dreams of love?
Flowers of the wintry beam, and faithless sky!
Gems of the wither'd bank, and shadeless grove!
Ye are where he who mourns you soon must lie;
Beneath the shroud ye slumber—tranquilly;
But not for ever. Yet a sudden hour
Shall thaw the spotless mantle of your sleep,
And bid it, melted into thunder, pour
From mountain, waste, and fell, with foamy sweep,
Whelming the flooded plain in ruin deep.

Yes, little, silent minstrels of the wild,
Your voiceless song shall touch the heart again!
And shall no morning dawn on Sorrow's child?
Shall buried *mind* for ever mute remain
Beneath the sod, from which your beauteous strain
Shall yet arise in music, felt, not heard?
No! Faith, Hope, Love, Fear, Gladness, Frailty, all,
Forbid that man should perish. Like the bird
That soars and sings in Nature's festival,
Our souls shall rise—and fear no second fall—
Our adoration strike a lyre divine!

Now, through the clearing storm, the sunbeams shine;
And, lo, the fluttering flakes are winnow'd fire!
Thinner and thinner fall the fleeces fine;
From mantled fells the umber'd clouds retire;
And heav'n, that stoop'd to earth, is lifted higher.
How Nature dazzles in her bridal vest!
Like air-blown fire on fire, is light on snow.
A long-lost feeling wakes in Enoch's breast;
His lightless eye-balls feel a sapphire glow,
That speaks of hues and forms dead long ago,
The bright, the wild, the beautiful, the grand!

Now the third Mary takes her grandsire's hand,
And leads him forth into the soon-chang'd road;
A world unknown, an undiscover'd land!
Confus'd, amaz'd, perturb'd, he walks abroad,

Yet inly pleas'd, tow'rds Alice Green's abode.
But, too erect on slippery paths to roam,
With forward hand, in vain his way he feels.
When snows are deep, the blind should stay at home.
At length, the path descends; he staggers, reels,
And from beneath him glide his treacherous heels.
He lies, with ghastly terror in his face,
Like one half-stunn'd beneath the lightning's stroke.
Rising, he slips; he moves with timid pace,
Almost repenting his intended joke;
Then clings, half prostrate, to the hoary oak,
And gasps, with eye-brows lifted in dismay.

Ye who can gaze on beauty-breathing day,
And drink intoxication with your eyes!
Compassionate the sightless on his way;
With gloomy trepidation sympathize,
When faithless snows the icy way disguise;
With pity hear his faint and feeble call,
With pity see his quivering lip and cheek,
His grasping hands, that try to catch the wall,
His wild, wide eyes, that helpless trouble speak,
His sliding feet, his knees, bent, trembling, weak,
His hatless locks, which frantic dread uprears!
The beauteous girl, too, trembles, and, in tears,
Pale with her grandsire's fear, laments its cause.
But, lo, the skaiter, sliving Bill appears,
And, while the snow flake on his broad chin thaws,

Deigns to instruct him in the skaiter's laws:
" Stoop, Enoch, stoop! bend forward! and, unscar'd,
O'er slapest ice thy gloomy way pursue."
And see! old Alice limps from yonder yard!
Last night, she dream'd that Enoch came to woo
The five-times wedded, now aged eighty two,
With fifty guineas sew'd in his left sleeve!
Certes that ancient sleeve is darn'd and stitch'd:
But who shall now her dream-craft disbelieve?
He comes!—she laughs and winks, like one bewitch'd,
And feels already married, and enrich'd.
Her right hand on her hip, her left beneath
Her folded apron, at the crippled gate,
Where erst the ash tree look'd on fern and heath,
With palpitating heart, and shaking pate,
And short black pipe between her lips sedate,
The dream-expounder stoops! whose skill assures
To dreaming wights, whate'er they wish, and more;
The female Galen! famous for her cures,
And eke her salve, from Ecclesfield to Dore!
Almost to dead men she can health restore;—
Her right divine what patient dares dispute?
Her sacred mysteries deepest awe inspire;
Sublime as Laud, inerrable as Bute!
Who doubts her skill deserves the stake and fire:
Believe! Obey!—'tis treason to inquire.

And was she not a beauty in her youth ?
Still she hath eyes—one red and blind, one green;
And in her upper jaw is yet a tooth,
Which, when she laughs or yawns, may well be seen,
With two below, and bluish stumps between.
Ah, faded one ! not reft of every charm ;
Was she not formed in Nature's finest mould ?
The loveliest maiden, once, that cot or farm
Sent forth to shake the dew from cowslips cold ?
The lovliest far of all, save Mary Gold ?—
Enoch salutes her with a hearty smack,
And grasps her right hand in a living vice :
The gentle dame smiles meekly, and draws back;
But why should friends be formal, and precise ?
She leads him through the yard ; and, in a trice,
Behold him, in her dear last husband's chair !
Lo, in the cheerful blaze his white locks gleam!
She sets before him her best hoarded fare,
And pours the long-cork'd bottle's gladdening stream,
Tapp'd from the birch tree, when the moon's wan beam
Silver'd the broken cloud, and budding grove.

But while he drank, she sigh'd, and look'd above,
Where hung a portrait, faded in its frame,
The keep-sake of her first and only love,
Who died unmarried, murmuring oft her name.

Still in her bosom glows the cherish'd flame
Of virgin love, for low-laid Thomas Broom.
Ah, who could dream—when, like a vestal vow'd,
Scattering her Sunday posy on his tomb,
A stainless, broken-hearted maid, she bow'd—
That clowns would whisper in the market crowd,
Of Alice Green's warm cordials, over proof?
And neighbours call her 'Cut-and-come-again!'—
And to the passer-by point out the roof
Where dwells the widow, buxom, fair, and fain?
Too well she lov'd, but lov'd, alas, in vain!
And, cross'd in fondest love, her feelings froze,
Like dew drops on the leafless blossoming sloe,
Crisp'd into diamonds when the north wind blows.
Her grief for Thomas was not worn for show,
As oft she told her husbands, long ago;
She wish'd he had been her's—and so wish'd they.

But when th' unconscious wooer, Enoch Wray,
Had duly prais'd her wine, her jam and cream,
He look'd like one who had grave things to say,
And 'gan to tell that he had dream'd a dream,
And that he therefore came, her aid to pray,
Despite the drifted snow, and slippery way.
Then Alice sought, with thin and palsied hand,
And slowly from her pouch, at last drew forth
Her spectacles, the wonder of the land,
Though purchas'd of a native Jew from Perth,

Once her third husband's, that best man on earth!
To mend her insight into things to come,
She set them on her snuffy nose astride;
But first she wip'd them with her learned thumb;
Then, to a drawer a crooked key applied,
And drew there-out her book of art and pride.
She spread it, open, on her quaking knee,
With expectation in her upward look,
Gazing on Enoch, or impatiently
Turning the pages of the wond'rous book.
But—though despotic Alice ill could brook
Suspense, and long'd to speak her words of doom—
He still delay'd. Slyly he prais'd the rose,
(By him unseen,) which still, he said, in pride
Bloom'd on her *cheek*—he err'd, 'twas on her nose;
'Why might we not make up a match?' he cried:
She frown'd, she fuff'd, like eggs with bacon fried;
She wonder'd that a man like Enoch Wray
Should talk such stuff, it ill became his years;
And yet she *had* been pretty, in her day;
Nor is she quite so old as she appears;
But, foh! she blushes at the trash she hears.
Then, oft she drank his health, while Enoch smok'd;
And soon her tongue—that deafen'd Albert's mill,
When Richard, fifth and last, her rage provok'd,—
Seem'd able, in the cause of her sweet will,
To talk into their graves five husbands still.

'I dream'd a dream,' quoth he—but Alice Green
Is not now in the vein for hearing dreams;
And she long us'd to sov'reignty hath been:
But she dilates the more on other themes.
'Her house,' she boasts, is richer than it seems.
She has two clocks; her sheets are thirteen pair,
Her blankets twelve; and as for satin gowns,
She could lend six, and still have seven to spare!
Cotton is only fit for wives of clowns,
But *she* looks well in silks, even envy owns.
She *once* was cheated—when she bought her busts;
Her name is buy and pay; and not a straw
Cares she for draper Glossop, though he trusts,
As Mistress Strut well knows. When Swindler Mawe,
Ruin'd by women, racing, and the law,
Sold dish and spoon, she bought her feather bed,
And her green sofa. But she quite forgot
Her sweet down pillows, and her curtains red.
She has a still, too—Mistress Strut has not:
No doubt, they shall contrive to boil the pot;
But much would still have more. 'Your darn'd left sleeve
Seems heavy, Enoch.—Cash is every thing.
You must have money—plenty, I believe;
And, money, Enoch, makes the slave a King.
But how much have you? Have you bought the ring?"

What mortal poet, eager to recite,
Could interruption vile as this abide?
The village Dante lost his temper quite:
But still she talk'd; and he, still baffled, tried
Between her endless words a word to slide.
In vain he hinted that her pipe was out;
The paper, which she twisted, and illum'd,
To re-ignite the tube, avail'd him nought;
She talk'd, and held it burning, till, consum'd,
And thrown upon the floor, it smok'd and fum'd.
And still she prais'd one Alice Green—then took
Her plenteous pinch of true rappee—then fuff'd
At Mistress Strut; and still, with heartier snook,
While learnedly her ancient wares she puff'd,
Up her hot nose the burning dust was snuff'd.
And, lo, their eager hands, uplifted, meet!
Both talk at once: but Alice perseveres;
And vanquish'd Enoch, angry, quits his seat.
Then Alice reddens; and in doubt appears
Whether to shake his hand, or pull his ears.
Humbled and vex'd, his vision unrehears'd,
Without good b'ye, poor Enoch homeward goes,
And hears her laugh of rage behind him burst;
That laugh, which sounded like a peal of woes
To five bold husbands—let them now repose!—
But could the widow, too intent to wed,
Neglect to hear, on that unlucky morn,
Harmonious numbers, destin'd to be read,

Perchance, in print, by critics yet unborn?
And did she laugh the glorious bard to scorn?
'Fool!' she exclaim'd: 'I can expound this dream
Whether I hear the dream itself or no:
His brain will yet with rhyme and nonsense teem;
His gold to cancel Albert's debts will go,
Unless I wed him—for a year, or so.'
And would'st thou, Alice, change thy name again?

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK VII.

CONTENTS.

Enoch Wray's Dream.

GONE? are ye gone?—Bright dreams of youtl adieu!
Old, blind, and poor, I dream of dreadful things.
Methought I saw a man renown'd and true
Rise from the grave, upborne on sable wings,
Bradshaw his name, abhor'd by slaves and Kings.
His hue was Death's, his majesty his own.
There was a thoughtful calmness in his air:

Decision, like a ready sword undrawn,
Repos'd, but slept not, on his forehead bare;
But Caution, too, and deep research were there.
At first, his lip curl'd fiercely, as he went
O'er fields, o'er towns, o'er souls, in baseness bow'd;
But, meeken'd soon, his awful visage blent
Sad beauty with his sternness, like the cloud
Whose tears are lightnings. 'What!' he cried aloud,
'Is tyranny immortal? Oh, if here
Freedom yet linger, in what hated shed,
Where proud endurance scorns to drop a tear,
And woe-nurs'd virtues eat their hard-earn'd bread,
Nerves she the heart and hand that despots dread?
Hide not thy head in clouds, thou Rock, that saw'st
The Pyms and Hampdens! these, our sons, can feel
The pang of shame, though, dwarf'd in soul, they boast
Nor manly thoughts, nor hearts, nor hands of steel,
Like those that battled for the common weal.
Say, Rock, is that a Briton? that mean thing,
Who dares not lift his eyes above the feet
Of pauper Satraps, or the village king
Whom they depute, to torture, and to cheat?
Slave—free to toil, that idle wolves may eat!
What is a Briton? One who runs away,
To barter souls for untax'd wine abroad,
And curse his brutes, who sweat at home, and bray.

Art thou a Briton, Ass, that lov'st the goad,
And bray'st in honour of thy glorious load?—
Say, palac'd pauper, drunk with misery's tears,
Did Russell, Fairfax, spring from gods like thee?
Or, scourge for poverty! is this Algiers?—
Dog of the bread-tax-eating Absentee!
Our children feed thy lord; why growl at me?
Where are thy paper wings of yesterday,
Thou bankrupt gambler for the landed knave?—
Audacious poacher, scorn'st thou parish-pay?
Kill'st thou God's hares, to shun a beggar's grave
What! is it better to be thief than slave?—
Wretch that did'st kill thy sire, to sell him dead!
Art thou a Briton? Thou hast Strafford's brow.
Poor, corn-bill'd weaver, singing hymns for bread
Could Hampden breathe where crawl such worm as thou?
Spirit of Pym! lo, these are Britons now!
Charles Stuart! are they worthy to be thine?
Thou smil'st in scorn, in triumph, and in pride.
And thou, at Marston taught by right divine,
Thou recreant patron of vain regicide!
Laugh'st thou at blasted hopes, whose vaunting lied?
Beast, featur'd like the angels! can'st thou view
This dome, outstretch'd by God's geometry,
And doubt that *Man* may be sublime and true?
Or, while that boy smiles upward from thy knee,

Believe that slaves of slaves shall not be free ?—
How like meek Laud, yon Cadi-Dervise scowls!
A patent parson, made to please the squire!
Priest, Judge, and Jury, for the cure of souls!
Virtues like his no still small voice require;
He cries his wares, and is himself the crier.
No school is built, without his fulsome prayer,
Which fulsome prints, with fulsome praise, record;
No wretch is tried for want, but he is there
In solemn session, sourest on the board,
Where, like saint Peter, he denies his lord.
Oh, Cant and Cunning! mark the contrast well;
The poor, damn'd here, are thankful, though they pine;
Through foul and fair, they limp towards heav'n or hell;
While he (snug martyr,) when the day is fine,
Seeks Abraham's bosom, and a Tory's wine.
King of bad ale and hares! he shoots, and hunts;
Then whips, or jails, the woe that cannot pay;
Grants Lickgrub's license, and refuses Grunt's;
Or fines poor Strap, who shav'd on Sabbath day;
And like Saint Barebones, he detests a play.—
Thrice-loyal Jefferies! greet with shout and song
The heir of all the Noodles of past years,
Lord Robert Shallow! ready, rough, and wrong,
He sheaths a world of wisdom in his ears,
Yet seems no witch, and is what he appears.

A sleepy watcher, he must feel to see,
And, born to teach, may yet be taught to read;
Bound by an accident, he hates the free,
And, deaf and blind when Truth and Justice plead
Led by a shadow, seems to take the lead.
How like a snake, all frozen but the fangs,
His coldness threatens, and his silence chills!
How like a poisonous icicle he hangs
O'er human hopes, and on the soul distils
All mean, malignant, and infectious ills!
The freezing cloud descends in snow or hail;
The hill-born deluge floods the reedy fen;
And shall not lords teach slaves—and Heav'n turn pale,
And the grave shudder, at this crowded den
Of wolves and worms?—Oh, Nature, are they men
Oh, Time, is this the Island of the just
And the immortal, in her virtues strong?
The land of Shakespeare? Worthy of our dust,
Because she guards the right, and loathes the wrong—
The land of Ireton's bones, and Milton's song?
Rise, Bard of our Republic!—wherefore rise,
Like Samuel to the troubled King of old?
Could'st thou flash living fire in Britons' eyes,
Would pigmy souls be minds of giant mould?
Oh, what could wake these worse than dead and cold?
But thou, Oh, Rock, that watchest freemen's graves

Well may'st thou veil thy lofty brow in shade,
Scorning to look on boroughmongering knaves,
And game-law'd, corn-law'd, war-worn, parish-paid,
Rag-monied, crawling wretches, reptile-flay'd !—
What nameless curse comes next? Degraded Rome!
How like a Cæsar of thy days of shame,
He lolls behind his steeds, that ramp and foam
Through crowds of slaves, with long submission tame,
Hacks, not worth harness, void of tail and mane!
All praise to him, to whom all praise is due!
To him whose zeal is fire, whose rancour raves;
Sworn anti-catholic, and tried true blue;
Champion of game-laws, and the trade in slaves;
Mouth of the Bread Tax; purchas'd tongue of knaves;
All praise to him!—a menial yesterday,
And now a kingling, serv'd by hate and fear;
The upstart buyer of yon ruins gray,
That mock his tax-built pandemonium near!
Clerk! Thief! Contractor! Boroughmonger! Peer!
His mercy would be cruelty in hell;
His actions say to God, 'Submit to me!'
Dey of Starvation, dark and terrible!
Men's purses may submit to thy decree;
But why should conscience have no god but thee,
Thou Chariotted Blasphemer? Hence, away
To Spain, or Naples, with thy loathsome scowl!

Why stay'st thou here, to fuddle tax'd tokay ?
Go, be the Inquisition's holiest goul,
And gorge with blood thy sulky paunch of soul !—
But ye—poor Erin's cheerful exiles, born
To till the flint in unrepining pain !
Why bow ye to your foe, Hibernia's scorn ?
This almoner, whom treadmills might disdain ?
This pauper, worthier of the whip and chain ?
Fools! let accusing scorn, in each calm eye,
Inform the tax-fed harpy, and his hordes,
That wrongs have brought forth thoughts whicl
cannot die ;
And that your wives have brought forth sons, whos
words
Shall sting like serpents' teeth, and bite like swords
For what ? Sad neighbour of the western star !
Land of the daring deed, and splendid song !
For thee—whom worse than fiends, with worse thai
war,
Aping base Cromwell, and his tyrant throng,
Torment for gold. Poor Land of deathless wrong
Scath'd Eden of the vainly-roaring deep !
Are these thy gods ?—the lowest of the low !
Are these the wolves, who make thy millions weep ?
These lords of dungeons, partridge eggs, and woe
That think the lightning's ruinous wing too slow ?
But—Isle of Tears ! Hispania of the sea !
Mourner of ages, helpless in thy pain !

Still untransform'd, blood-weeping Niobe !
Mute, hopeless sufferer of the sun-lov'd main—
Whom e'en thy own Fitzwilliam cheer'd in vain—
The dawn delay'd is nigh, the dismal morn,
The day of grief, without remorse and shame,
When of thy very famine shall be born
A fiend, whose breath shall wither hope, like flame ;
Lean Retribution is his horrid name.
Behold his bare and sinew'd haggardness !
Behold his hide-bound arm, his fleshless thigh !
'Tis he ! the fearless and the merciless !
I see his cheek of bone, his lifeless eye,
His frown—which speaks, and there is no reply !
I hear his mutter'd scorn, his taunting strain :
' Oppressor ! hath thy bondage set us free ?
Is all thy long injustice worse than vain ?
Art thou, too, fall'n, scourg'd, trampled, weak as
we ?
What ! hath our destitution beggar'd thee ?
And can'st thou tell why plunder'd states are poor ?'

The wild words ceas'd, and o'er the blasted moor
Slow fled the form of that fierce regicide,
While shriek'd beneath my feet the granite floor,
From stream to headlong stream. But, eager-ey'd,
I gaz'd on stately shadows at my side ;
For buried kings, whose will erewhile was law,
Around me, like the ghost of Hamlet, kept

Their state majestic, arm'd! And when I saw
Their cruel faces bath'd in tears, I wept.
But o'er my heart a deadlier chillness crept;
My white locks, every hair fear-stricken, stirr'd;
My limbs, all shaken, trembled every bone;
My pulse stood still! and in my soul I heard
The torrent, tumbling o'er the cold grey stone,
Prophecy! while the shadowy mountains lone,
That saw the Roman eagle's wearied wing,
Spake to the silence of the dead of old;
'King of the poor! thou wast indeed a king.
But com'st thou sorrowing from the charnel cold?
Henry Plantagenet, the uncontroll'd!
Why? Did thy gracious servants bid thee reign
O'er bread-tax'd vermin, and transform thy name
Into a synonyme and type of pain,
Written o'er famish'd realms in tears, and flame?
King of the people! royal is thy fame:
Thou need'st not blush.'—'First Edward! thou here, too?
King of the Kingdom, hail! But on thy brow
Why grows the saddening cloud? Is Peterloo
A nobler word than Falkirk? or wast thou
The nominee of kinglings, such as now
Ordain what shall be best for states and thrones?
Did men like them, when thou wast lov'd and fear'd,
Glut death with blood, and cover earth with bones?'—
Third 'Edward! weepest thou? Oh, prince rever'd!

Lord of the lance, to chivalry endear'd!
Still dost thou mourn the fall'n, the unrestor'd?
And was Napoleon, with his burning brain
Chain'd to the sunbeam, less to be deplor'd
On his hard rock, amid the groaning main,
Than captive John, with princes in his train,
Serv'd by mute kings, and pensive victory?
But thou art not that Edward who gave laws
To wolfish anarchists. Thou less than he
Who tam'd the feudal beast, and pared his claws,
And tore the venomous fangs from rabid jaws,
And by, and for, the nation, reign'd, a king!
Dost thou, too, weep thy country's failing weal?
Oh, doubt not that futurity will bring
For her a purchaser! The North hath steel,
The South hath gratitude; and slaves can feel —
What can they feel? the rankling of their chain.'

Our souls are lyres, that strangely can retain
The tones that trembled on their stricken chords;
And these, impress'd upon my heart, remain:
But the sad monarchs, leaning on their swords,
Vanish'd in darkness, with the closing words,
Like voiceless mists o'er ocean's sleepy waves.

What saw I next? A temple pav'd with graves.
Lo, on the floor a giant corpse lay bare!
And thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand slaves,

All dead and ghastly, kneel'd for ever there,
Statues of baseness, worshipping despair!
From many a battle-field, and many a sea,
Cast forth by outrag'd earth, and loathing tide,
They made a winter for eternity,
And seem'd like suppliant demons side by side,
For in their looks their crimes were petrified.
Bound by a spell, which ne'er, methought, would break;
Amid the dead I stood, the living one!
And lo, the tears were froz'n on every cheek!
Ah, ne'er in solitude felt I so lone,
As in that crowd, whose tears were turn'd to stone!
The Titan corse, sublime in stillness lay,
With marble looks, like power and pride asleep;
Oh, God! its dreadful silence could dismay
More than the shriek of shipwreck o'er the deep!
And every lifeless form did seem to weep,
Gazing in tranced horror and remorse,
On the sad features of the mighty dead,
While, on the forehead of that giant corse,
In letters of eternal fire, I read
This sentence: 'I am he for whom ye bleed,
Undying Death!—feast, Dogs, but lap no blood.'

Then, lo! what, distant, seem'd the ocean's flood,
Smote on my heart, with clamour fierce and foul.
Wave shouldering wave, they shook me where I stood.

No winds urg'd on the billowy, living roll,
But whirlwind dwelt within it, like a soul,
Heaving the foamy, roaring surges high,
While all beside was voiceless, breathless fear ;
And, lo, the foam was human agony,
Alive with curses, horrible to hear!
The waves were men !—a deluge wide and drear !
And while, all raving, all at once, they came,
Heap'd on each other, to devour the shore,
The flash of eyes made heav'n's red vengeance tame !
The thunder dar'd not whisper to the roar ;
When, with their multitudinous hands, they tore
The rocks, that seem'd to live in bestial forms.
Lo, frozen there, the tiger's terror glar'd ;
Stiffen'd the startled folds of fanged worms ;
Wolves grinn'd, like nightmare ; glassy caymen
star'd ;
And the boar's tusk, his powerless tusk, was bar'd
In fear, a tyrant's fear ! High over head,
The despot eagle ceas'd his prey to tear ;
His mighty pinions not for battle spread,
But stretch'd to fly, and palsied by despair.
Oh, what a hell of silent pangs was there,
When, like an angel sweeping worlds away,
Did that resistless sea of souls assail
And crush his foes to dust, in dreadful play,
Rending the monsters and their granite mail !
Then all was hush'd ! a sea, without a sail !

And, black with death, a strand of gory mud!

The vision chang'd; and, lo! methought I stood
Where sinners swelter in the penal glare
Of everlasting noon! A fiery flood,
As of steel molten, on their nerves all bare,
Rush'd from the brazen sky; and scorching air
Burn'd upward from red rocks of solid fire.
There I beheld a statesman evil-fam'd,
With unremitting and intense desire
To quench immitigable thirst inflam'd;
Stretch'd, moaning, on the cinderous marl; and nam'd,
In scorn and rage by spectres pitiless,
Who bade him, smiting their clench'd hands, restore
Their homes, their innocence, their happiness;
And, in dire mockery, to his hot lips bore
Rags, steep'd in black, thick, slippery, burning gore.
But when he doz'd, worn out with pain, he dream'd
Of fire, and talk'd of fire, that ever burn'd;
And through his frame, in all his vitals, gleam'd
Fire; and his heart and brain, to cinder turn'd,
Still crack'd and blaz'd, while, tossing, low he mourn'd,
And from his eyes dropp'd tears of sable flame.
For now no longer in his fraudful brain
Schoon'd dreams of crime-bought good unting'd with shame,

False as the mists that loom along the main
With shews of golden Ophir, sought in vain
Where fiends of shipwreck watch their prey, and smile.

Yet seem'd he not the vilest of the vile.
An apparition cold of life in stone,
Or life in ice, drew nigh, with lips of bile;
A visage, to the aw'd spectators known,
That turn'd to frigid rancour, like his own,
Their fiery hatred. Frozen where they stood,
Chain'd by his smile petrific, and his eye
Whose serpent keenness sadden'd, while it blaz'd.
'Make way!' they yell'd, 'the fatal fool draws nigh;
The dog of kings, their whip for poverty,
Seeks here the luxury of infernal tears.'
Then shriek'd the prostrate wretch, as black he rose,
'Even here Democracy his standard rears!
Save me, my Brother, from unutter'd woes,
Worse even than Paine deserv'd, or Ireland knows!'
'Thee? Aspect mean!' reply'd the new-arriv'd,
'Thee? And am *I* thy brother? Lo, on thee
I look with scorn—Driv'ler! whose fears contriv'd
To thrall arm'd kings, whom I was born to free.
And dost thou claim fraternity with me?
I blew not up a spark into a flame
That set the earth on fire: I drove no trade

In petty retail havoc: No! I came,
I saw, I conquer'd; and a world dismay'd
Found safety in my daring, that array'd
Slaves, who in freedom's fight like freemen fought,
And still are slaves.' Then, turning to the crowd
Of silent spectres,—who regarded nought
But him, such awe controll'd them—he, with proud
Scorn, read their abject fear, and cried aloud,
'Hence, vile Plebians! know your lord.' And well
The abject ghosts obey'd; for, while he spoke,
He rais'd his hand to strike; but, ere it fell,
Approaching sounds, that in the distance broke
Murmuring, arrested the descending stroke.
As, when black midnight melts from sky to sky,
And shriek the lightnings at the wrath of heav'n,
Air becomes fire, and, like a sea on high,
Wide whirlwind rolls his deluge, sear'd and riv'n,
While, with clos'd eyes, guilt prays to be forgiv'n;
So, sight shrank, conquer'd, from his visage frore,
That mock'd insulted fire with icy glare,
While seem'd the torrid clime to burn the more,
As if incens'd, and sounds swell'd on the air,
Which told of foes that knew not how to spare.
Soon, spectre skeletons, like wolves in chase,
Came howling on. As outstretch'd greyhounds fleet,
Some with riv'n ribs, and one with half a face,
They came, all hungry, and their clattering feet
Stamp'd on the soil of adamantine heat.

Then sprang they on him, and his muscles rent
With cranshing teeth ; and still their hate increas'd
As fast it fed, and joyful sounds forth sent ;
Yet from the rapturous banquet oft they ceas'd,
Exclaiming, in the pauses of the feast,
' Ice-hearted Dog !—when fell the crimson dew
At Wexford, there we died !—In dungeons we !
We of slow famine !—We at Peterloo
We, by the mercy of the scourge set free !'
Unvanquish'd by relentless torture, he,
While crisp'd in fire his cold flesh scorch'd and torn,
Forgot not, though he wept, the bearing high
And proud demeanour of a tyrant born,
But cried, uplooking to the hopeless sky,
' Thou, who inhabitest eternity !
Here, too, thy frown is felt, thy mercy just.'
But when those skinless dogs of hell had par'd
The bones of their oppressor, and, with gust
Infernal, crunsh'd his vitals, till the bared,
Cold, burning heart, with pulses unimpair'd,
Shone in its grated chamber, like a light
That saddens some snaked cavern's solitude ;
Then, pangs of deathless hunger, in their might,
Wrung savage howlings from his soul subdu'd ;
And, thenceforth and for ever, he pursu'd,
Heading that dismal pack, the sentenc'd dead,
For food, for food ! hunter of souls ! with yell
Immortal, hounding on his fiends, while fled

Their prey, far shrieking through unbounded hell.
In ravenous ardour, sateless, horrible,
He champ'd together still his stony jaws.
Oh, could the living heirs of fear and hate
See the lost trampler on eternal laws,
Taught by his voice of mourning, ere too late,
How would they shun his crimes, to shun his fate,
And, even for mean self-love, be less than fiends!

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK VIII.

CONTENTS.

Ezra White unroofs the Cottage of Hannah Wray, the widow of an imputed Poacher.—He detects her and her daughter in the act of re-roofing their Cottage.—He assaults the mother, and is killed by the daughter.—Imprisonment, Trial, and Death of Hannah Wray.

KIND souls! ye jail the peasant, while ye plough
The wild, that lov'd to laugh around his home.
Where the broad common fed his father's cow,
And where himself, a fearless boy, could roam
Unquestion'd, lo, the infant rivers foam
No longer, through a paradise of fern!
Look, how like burden'd slaves they steal, through fields
That sullenly obey your mandate stern!

And how the tortur'd waste, reluctant, yields
Corn, bought with souls, while soulless avarice builds
His palace, rafted with iniquity!

Storm-smitten rock! and thou, time-wrinkl'd tree! (H)
Where is the sun-lov'd cottage that of old
Ye screen'd from envious winds? And where is he
Who dwelt in that lone cottage of the wold?
Far from the mountain bee, he slumbers cold.
Thou, Enoch Wray, shalt hear the son no more,
Who kill'd the harmless hare, that ate his kale:
Atrocious crime! for which he sternly bore
Slow pain, and wasting fever in a jail.
He perish'd there. Then died his widow pale,
Who sleeps unsepulchr'd, and yet sleeps well.
But silly Jane, their child, still wanders here,
Seeking her mother on the stormy fell.
While freezes as it flows the scalding tear,
She lifts her left hand to her heart in fear,
And waves a fan of bracken in the right,
Forbidding evil sprites to melt the snow
That veils the fields once till'd by Ezra White.
Hark!—how she grinds her teeth, and mutters low
With black lips quivering, 'God, let nothing grow!'
For Ezra White unroofed their humble home,
And thrust them forth, and mock'd the mother's woe,
Bidding her, with her brat, a beggar roam,

Or hire a hearth of him who feeds the crow,
Or to the Workhouse, hope-abandon'd, go
'I to the Workhouse? I!'—the widow cried,
And from her shoulders ript the kerchief thin,
Displaying to the tyrant, elder-eyed,
A breast that might have tempted saints to sin
While all th' impassion'd woman raged within,
'I to the Workhouse?' And her forehead burn'd,
And swell'd the tortur'd heart that would not break,
And her neck thicken'd, and her visage turn'd
Black, and she gasp'd, long impotent to speak:
'I!—to the Workhouse? Rather will I seek
The welcome grave. But hope not thou to thrive!
Though, feeding on old crimes, and plotting new,
Thou yet may'st crawl, the meanest thing alive;
Here and hereafter thou shalt have thy due,
And this vile deed with snakes shall whip thee. Jew!
Am *I* thy tenant?—did *I* bid thee pay
The Squire my rent?—and are three pounds eleven?
Thou tyrant!—yet shall come thine evil day;
Yet shalt thou find there is a God in heav'n,
Although thy two fat farms have swallow'd seven.
God! see this glutton! how he crams and grasps,
Like death, for more—a beast of pray'r and prey
Would, all their maws were stuff'd with stings of wasps!
When shall I see them, on the bare high way
Toil, like their betters, for a groat a day?

God ! let him sow in vain ! let nothing grow !
Be straw his harvest, grainless chaff his food !
To-morrow he will marry wealth and woe ;
(Ah, Lucy Hargrove is for him too good !)
But may a mother's curse be on his blood !
May he die childless !' And she turn'd, and bent,
In passionate fondness, o'er her idiot child
Weeping ; then took her hand in haste, and went
She cared not whither, uttering curses wild ;
But paus'd, and groan'd, while Jane look'd up and smil'd
When Ezra's parting sneer shot through her brain.

Morn rose, all splendid, o'er the frosty plain,
And Lucy Hargrove married Ezra White.
But Ezra strove to cheer his bride in vain ;
Long stay'd the day, and linger'd long the night ;
For Hannah's curse was on them like a blight.
The homeless widow seem'd to haunt their bed,
The idiot child to thunder at the door ;
' They fire the stacks ;' he growl'd, ' I hear their tread.'
' Oh, give them back their cottage on the moor ;
How can'st thou prosper, if thou rob the poor ?'
Cold lay the moon-beam on the glittering rock,
When Ezra gruffly left his troubled bride ;
His early steps alarm'd the wondering cock ;
And the fox saw him on the dim hill side,

Plodding through molten snow, with cautious stride
And horrid instinct, hither. But, behold!
Here labour'd Hannah Wray, and silly Jane,
Fearless of blinding sleet, and blue with cold,
Busily roofing their sad cot again.
Flash'd Ezra's eyes, and rage fired every vein,
As when men wound a tiger. On he sprung,
And grasp'd the struggling widow by the throat,
Till white her eyes up turn'd, and forth her tongue
Protruded through retracting lips that caught
Sad hues from coming death, while anguish wrought
Terrific changes on her pensive cheek.
But Jane took up a stone, and smote his brow.
He fell, but held his prey; with strangled shriek,
He tried to heave his bulk, relaxing slow
His murderous gripe, and backward sank; then low
Dropp'd his large chin, and grim he gap'd in death!
But long lay Hannah senseless, happy she,
If, senseless, she had yielded up her breath.
But her eyes clos'd, then open'd—what to see?
She gaz'd on Ezra's corpse, in agony;
Then on her daughter, and then gush'd her tears.
The horrid future on her spirit gleam'd;
She trembled, with unutterable fears;
And, while the wan dawn o'er the mountains beam'd,
She clasp'd her daughter to her breast, and scream'd,
'No, I can die! they shall not hang my child.'

Then came the hue and cry; the parting wild
Of sunder'd bosoms, ne'er again to meet;
The dungeon'd weeks; and hope, that never smil'd.
Yet once, in slumber, came a vision sweet,
Which bore her spirit to the dear retreat
Where still, she thought, her husband dwelt, and Jane
Still press'd the nipple, pillow'd on her breast:
The grave had lost its prey, the past its pain;
The dead had never died! But thoughts so bless'd
Could not endure. A darker dream oppress'd
The dosing captive. Not to see her die,
But dead, she thought, her child arriv'd, at last;
She saw herself a corpse; saw Jane draw nigh
Shrieking, to gaze upon that corpse, aghast;
And, shrieking, wak'd, with temples throbbing fast!
Then came the trial brief; the evidence
So clear, so false, so fatal; the sad eyes,
All gazing on convicted innocence,
But not in pity! her convulsive sighs,
Her sudden tears; the dread solemnities
Of sentence on the wrong'd and guiltless!—Oh,
Was there no pleader, by the laws allow'd,
To aid the sufferer in her hour of woe?
No.—Not a voice in all that awe-struck crowd
Was rais'd for her whom fate had stunn'd and bow'd,
For her, who *then* must plead, or ne'er again.

Dreadful, oh Death, are all thy paths of pain!
And many a wretch hath felt, but who shall tell
What pangs unnam'd the convict must sustain,
Ere frailty, pale as snow, bids hope farewell,
And, for the living, tolls the passing bell?
Still, in her desolation, nightly she
Dream'd that the Lord had heard her earnest pray'r;
Her child, she thought, poor Jane was come! to see
Her mother die, and beg a lock of hair,
Which she might kiss in tears, and ever wear.
Dark roll'd the hours by cruel mercy given,
The waking hours of certainty and doom;
And, in her cell, she cried to earth and heav'n,
'Oh, let my child sleep with me in the tomb!
Tomb? I shall have none!' And the echoing gloom
Mutter'd even when she slept, her heavy sigh.

As if no heart had ever ach'd, no eye
Shed bitter tears; another morn arose,
All light and smiles; but, with the brightening sky,
Hannah awoke from dreams of death, to close
Her eyes in dreamless and profound repose.
But Jane came not! poor Jane was far away:
She, though oft-told, knew not her mother's doom;
But much she wonder'd at her lengthen'd stay,
With saddening thoughts, and cheek that lost its bloom.
Hark! the bell tolls; and yet Jane is not come!

'But she, who murder'd pious Ezra White,
And trampled on his brains,' (so rumour lies,)
Ere minutes pass, must wrestle with the might
That none can vanquish. Lo, ten thousand eyes
Are gazing on the prison where she sighs!
The streets are pav'd, the house-tops pil'd with heads,
The windows choak'd with faces, anxious all
To look on all that man most hates and dreads.
Now the hush deepens near the fetter'd wall;
Now a dropp'd feather might be heard to fall;
Now, by the scaffold, hearts throb quick and loud;
Now, in dire stillness, hark, faint murmurs rise!
And, lo, the murderess bends above the crowd,
Bursting, with desperate strength, the cord that ties
Her arms, and rolling on all sides her eyes!
Chill'd, in a moment, chill'd is every heart.
'Where is my child?' she sobs: 'My child!' she shrieks;
'Oh, let me see my child, ere I depart!'
And long, for her who is not here, she seeks;
Then, to the crowd, with hands uplifted, speaks:
'Ye come to see a murderess? I am none.
A stainless conscience is my rock and tower.
'Tis true, my foe to his account is gone;
But not for all this world's vain pomp and power
Would I have shorten'd his bad life an hour.
I die his victim, and die reconcil'd.

Kind hearts! ye melt—but which of ye will bear
A dying mother's keepsake to her child?
Oh, for a kindred heart, my grief to share,
A kindred voice, to join my parting prayer!'
Lo, as she ended, on her bosom bent
A blind old Pilgrim, who had left the throng
Weeping aloud, all pitied as he went!
She clasp'd him with a grasp convuls'd and strong,
She kiss'd him fervently, and held him long.
'God bless thee, Enoch, for this last good deed!'
She sobb'd—and down her cheeks the tears gush'd free.
'But we must bear whatever is decreed.—
Nay, father of my Joe, be firm, like me!
Hold up! be firm, as innocence should be!—
Guiltless I go to join thy son in heav'n.
Jane, too, is guiltless, though she kill'd our foe,
Who, when he died, had need to be forgiv'n.—
Bear to my child this tress; a month ago,
'Twas raven black, and now 'tis white as snow.—
Yes, Enoch, I am guiltless. Let them pare
My bones, and make a mockery of my frame;
They cannot stain my soul! and I can bear
What must be borne. Why, then, should my sad name,
Whenever utter'd, flush thy cheek with shame?
Poor Enoch! where thy murder'd son lies low,
I hop'd to weep again; but hope deceives!

Oh, might I rest with him !—No flower will blow
O'er me, no redbreast cover *me* with leaves !
This thought, despite my will, appals and grieves
My conquering soul, ere it take wing, and soar.—
Should one or two remember me in love,
Say I died guiltless.—Though we meet no more
On earth, an angel waits for us above ;
But thou shalt nurse awhile my orphan dove,
Far from the parent bird—when I am free !'

And all is o'er—the shock, the agony,
The low-breathed moan of sympathetic woe.
But silly Jane, still wandering gloomily,
Wears on her breast the lessening lock of snow ;
And still she mutters, ' God ! let nothing grow !
' God ! may a mother's curse be on their blood !'

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK IX.

CONTENTS.

England, twenty years hence.—Secret sorrow and illness of Enoch Wray.—He takes leave of objects associated in his mind with the past.

HAIL, England of my Children!—not this den
Of vermin, and their victims, nick-nam'd free—
Isle of the Future!—will thy sons be men,
Or corn-law'd bipeds? Lo, I turn to thee,
Not hopeless in my fear. What wilt thou be
When forty, or when twenty years are pass'd?
What will our children's sons in thee behold?
Will the next change be loathsome, as the last?
Will souls be cheap, that bodies may be sold?
Will pious lords ask alms, and worship gold?
Will millions thrive by giving all to few?

Will Cæsar's image still take rag, and fly ?
Will Lethbridge and the workhouse, have their due ? (I)
Wilt thou be Irish ?—Russian ?—French ?—or vie
With Turkey, and Algiers, in liberty ?
Will harpies toll the rags which they deride ?
Will purse-proud gods, ador'd with curses deep,
Awe dandy cowardice, and beggar-pride ?
Will Famine's cellar'd fiends, too fierce to weep,
Like buried murder, grimly seem to sleep ?
Will outrag'd Mercy's only Unforgiven,
Be circumcis'd of heart, and soul'd with stone ?
Will Acres cease to curse the Sent of Heav'n ?
Or tax our bread, that he may beg his own,
And be the wandering Jew of every zone ?
Will Cantwell ride to heav'n on Satan's back ?
Will root-fed woe thy soul-plough'd deserts till ?
Will pauper mean Sir Bread-tax, or poor Jack ?
Will plunder'd trade be capital and skill ?
Will Glynne accept, when Rentless draws his bill ? (K)
Will gamblers be thy merchants, chains thy wings ?
Will beggary be thy wealth ?—thy hope despair ?
Will every village have its leash of kings ?
Or will the barren tree begin to bear ?
Will Nimrod's mortgagee be Nimrod's heir ?
And labour shout, ' Richard's himself again ?'

Why is our father's look so full of pain ?

What silent malady, what secret woe,
Weighs on his gloomy heart, and dizzy brain?
An evil, which he seeks, yet dreads, to know,
Not yet assur'd, suspected long ago.
Hath the dark angel of the night, that still
Delights in human agony and tears,
Appall'd his slumbers with perdicted ill,
And confirmation of his worst of fears?
The cause I tell not, but th' effect appears
In sudden alteration, such as oft
Comes on the unailing aged, when they seem
Strong as old eagles on the wing aloft.
Swift was the change, and ghastly, as the gleam
Of baleful meteors on a midnight stream,
Blighting the waters. His herculean frame
Stood in the winds of March, erect and bold;
But when the cowslip—like a living flame
Kindled in April—burn'd its incense cold,
He seem'd the shadow of himself, and roll'd,
With a strange keenness, his benighted eyes.

Bright shines the ice o'er which the skaiter flies,
Roofing the waters with transparent stone,
Firm as the rock, when umber'd evening dies,
But when the cloudy morn arises—gone.
So perish human glories, every one.
Oh, ne'er again, ye misty mountains dim!
When the frost parcheth on your sides the heath,

Shall its shrill histie whistle welcome him
Who once could see the tempest toss beneath
Your solemn brows, and to the vales bequeath
The vollied hail, from clouds of every hue.

The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
Loses its meanness in the parting hour.
When, long-neglected, worth seems born anew,
The heart, that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower.
Thus, Enoch—like a wretch, prepar'd to fly,
And doom'd to journey far, and come no more—
Seeks old acquaintance with a boding sigh.
Lo, how he weeps for all he lov'd of yore,
Telling to weeds and stones quaint stories o'er!
How heavily he climbs the ancient stile,
Whence, on the hill which he no more shall climb,
Not with a brief, albeit a mournful, smile,
He seems to gaze, in reverie sublime,
Till, heard afar, and saddening all the clime,
Slow swings from yonder tower the passing bell!

There is a flower—the housewife knows it well—
A flower, which long hath grac'd the warm hedge side
Of Enoch's dying neighbour, Andrew Gell;
Whose spleeny sire he pummell'd for his pride,
Ere beauteous Mary Gold became a bride.

It is the flower which (pious rustics say,)
The virgin-mother on her bosom wore.
It hoards no dew-drop, like the cups of May,
But, rich as sunset, when the rain is o'er,
Spreads flamy petals from a burning core;
Which, if morn weep, their sorrowing beams up-
fold,
To wake, and brighten, when bright noon is near.
And Enoch bends him o'er the marygold;
He loves the plant, because its name is dear.
But on the pale green stalks no flowers appear,
Albeit the future disk is growing fast.
He feels each little bud, with pleasing pain,
And sighs, in sweet communion with the past;
But never to his lip, or burning brain,
The flower's cold softness shall he press again,
Murmuring his long-lost Mary's virgin name.

Deep in the vale, where, known to humble fame,
Poor Enoch's rival in immortal verse,
The village Poet lives—well skill'd to frame
The beauteous slipper, and the sonnet terse,
Wise to compose, and willing to rehearse;
A kind, good man, who knows our father's worth,
And owns his skill in every thing but rhyme;
Sage, too, and meek, as any wight on earth,
Save that he laughs at transitory time,
And deems his own a deathless name sublime;—

There, by the brook, cowers a low edifice,
With honeysuckl'd wall, and ivied roof,
A warm, safe nest, in which two mortal mice
Might slumber through existence, far aloof
From city folks, whose sickly looks give proof
That, whatsoe'er is theirs, thou, Health, art not.
A dial, by our skilful father made,
Instructs the inmates of that little cot;
The masterpiece, which first his skill display'd,
When all to him their wondering homage paid.
Lo! on a visit, mournfully he wends,
To feel the dial, his acquaintance old;
But, by the way, in pensive musing bends
O'er ancient landmark, now half sunk in mould:
Shake hands, sad friends, for times are chang'd and cold!
But, lo, he enters at the garden gate;
Awhile in chat the rival poets stand:
He feels the bench, where oft in youth he sate,
The shed, which, long ago, he built and plann'd;
And now the dial is beneath his hand.
Ah, the slow shadow, measuring the swift hours,
While his touch wanders o'er the figur'd plane,
Baffles his patient finger's cunning powers!
But man, the shadow, mocks grey Time in vain!
Dusky, we pass away; he laughs amain;
His sportive trade it is to mow us down;
He plays at death, and is industrious, too!

Thou dark and sorrowing mortal, yet unmown,
Weep—but thy sun-clock, as of old, is true!
Oh, better weep, than do as others do,
Whose eyes discredit all save what they see!
But *thou* deny'st not beauty, colour, light;
Full well thou know'st, that, all unseen by thee,
The Vernal Spirit, in the vallies bright,
Is scattering diamonds over blossoms white.
She, though she deign to walk, hath wings of gold
And plumes all beauteous; while, in leafing bower,
The chrysalis, that ne'er did wing behold,
Though born to glide in air o'er fruit and flower,
Disproves the plume, the beauty and the power,
And deems it quite impossible to fly.

Farewell, ye mountains, neighbours of the sky!
Enoch will tread your silky moss no more;
But here he breathes your freshness. Art thou nigh,
Grey moth of April? On the reedy shore,
For the last time he hears thee, circling o'er
The starry flower. Broad poplar, soon in bloom!
He listens to thy blossomy voice again,
And feels that it is vernal! but the tomb
Awaits him, and thy next year's flowers, in vain,
Will hearken for his footsteps. Shady lane,
Where Fearn, the bloody, felt his deadly arm!
Gate, which he climb'd, to cut his bow of yew
From the dark tree of ages! Upland farm,

His uncle's once! thou furzy bank, whose hue
Is of the quenchless fire! adieu, adieu,
For ever. Thy soft answer to the breeze,
Storm-strengthen'd sycamore! is music yet
To his tir'd spirit: here, thou king of trees,
His own hand did thine infant weakness set;
But thou shalt wear thy palmy coronet
Long, long, when he is clay. Lake of the Mill,
That murmurest of the days when vigour strung
His oary feet, farewell! he hears thee still,
And in his heart beholds thy banks, o'er-hung
By every tree thou knew'st when he was young!
Forge!—built by him, against the ash-crown'd rock,
And now with ivy grown, a tussock'd mound—
Where oft himself, beneath the hammer's shock
Drew forth the welded steel, bright, blue, and sound!
Vale of the stream-lov'd abbey, woodland-bound!
Thou forest of the druids! Oh, thou stone,
That once wast worshipp'd!—pillar of the past,
On which he lean'd amid the waste alone!
Scorner of change! thou listenest to the blast
Unmov'd as death! but Enoch travels fast.
Thatch'd alehouse, still yclept the Sickles cross'd;
Where died his club of poverty and age,
Worst blow of all! where oft the blacksmith toss'd
His truth-deciding coin; and, red with rage,
The never-silenc'd barber wont engage
In argument with Enoch! Fountain dim,

In which his boyhood quench'd the sultry beam!
School, where crown'd monarchs might have learn'd
of him
Who sway'd it, how to reign! Cloud-cradled stream,
That in his soul are eloquent as a dream!
Path-pencil'd hill, now clad in broomy light!
Where oft in youth he wak'd the violets cold,
When you, love-listening stars, confess'd the might
Of earthly beauty, and o'er Mary Gold
Redden'd with passion, while his tale he told!
Rose, yet unblown! thou future woodbine flower!
Majestic fox-glove, still to summer true!
Blush of the hawthorn! glad May's sunny shower!
Scenes long belov'd, and objects dear, adieu!
From you, from earth, grey Enoch turns his view
He longs to pass away, and soon will pass.
But not with him will toil and sorrow go.
Men drop, like leaves—they wither, and, alas,
Are seen no more; but human toil and woe
Are lasting as the hills, or ocean's flow,
Older than Death, and but with Death shall die

Ye sister trees, with branches old and dry!
Tower'd ye not huge as now, when Enoch Wray,
A happy lad, pursu'd the butterfly
O'er broomy banks, above the torrent's spray,
Whence still ye cast the shadow of your sway?
Lo,—grey-hair'd Oaks, that sternly execrate

The poor man's foes, albeit in murmurs low;
Or, with a stormy voice, like that of fate,
Smiting your wrinkled hands, in wrath and woe,
Say to th' avenging lightnings, 'Why so slow?'
Lo, that glad boy is now a man of pain!
Once more, he totters through the vernal fields;
Once more he hears the corncrake on the plain;
The vale invites him, where the goldring builds,
And the wild bank that primrose fragrance yields;
He cannot die, without a sad adieu
To one sweet scene that to his heart is dear;
Yet—would he dream his fears may not be true,
And miss a draught of bitterest sorrow here—
His feet will shun the mill-dam, and the wier
O'er which the stream its idle brawling sends.

But, lo, tow'rds Albert's mill the Patriarch wends
(His own hands rear'd the pile: the very wheels
Were made by him; and where the archway bend
His name, in letters of hard stone, appeals
To time and memory.) With mute step, he steal
Along the vale, but does not hear the mill!
'Tis long since he was there. Alas, the wave
Runs all to waste, the mighty wheel is still!
Poor Enoch feels as if become a slave;
And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave
Already trembles! To his stealthy foot,
Around the door thick springs the chance-sown oa

While prene their plumes the water hen and coot,
Fearless and fierce, the rat and otter float,
Catching the trout in Albert's half-sunk boat;
And, pendent from each bucket fat weeds dip
Their slimy verdure in the listless stream.
'Albert is ruin'd, then!' his quivering lip
Mutters in anguish, while with paler beam
His sad eye glistens; 'tis, alas, no dream!
Heav'n, save the blood of Enoch Wray from shame,
Shame undeserv'd, the treadmill of the soul!'
Thus, Enoch mutely prays, but does not blame
Albert, who could not, well he knows, control
The fate that hurl'd him down to fortunes foul,
Triumphant Science! what avail thy deeds,
Thy sailless navy, and thy steam-drawn car,
If growing power to deeper misery leads?
If weeds and worms thy tenfold harvest mar?
And all thy fruits but fatten waste and war?
England is chang'd, since Enoch was a lad.
Grubs dream'd not then that earth for them was made;
Men did not sweat to bloat the weak and bad,
In hopeless sorrow faithful, though betray'd;
Nor was toil, famine; nor was gambling, trade.
Albert is strong, laborious, frugal, just;
But danger lurk'd where safety seem'd to be,
And cloudless thunder turn'd his hopes to dust.
While navies sank on fortune's sunny sea,
Unskill'd to save his little bark was he.

In dreadful calm, the viewless storm encreas'd
Most fatal, when least dreaded, came the blow
That still was nearest when expected least;
And none who felt the stroke could see the foe;
But all was wondering fear, and helpless woe.
The servant took the master by the nose;
The beggar'd master slunk aside to die;
Down dropp'd the cobweb Crœsus; stunn'd, he rose,
And fell again, he knew not how nor why.
Like frost and thaw in April's fickle sky,
The wretched rich, and not less wretched poor,
Chang'd places miserably; and the bad
Throve, while the righteous begg'd from door to door:
None smil'd, save knaves; but loudly laugh'd the mad
Even at their prayers, and then they kick'd the sad.
And still men fought with *shadows*, and were slain!
For ruin smote, nor warning gave at all,
Unseen, like pestilence, and fear'd in vain!
But when red Battle wings the whirling ball,
The cannon flashes ere the victim fall,
Loud bursts the roar—and then is heard the groan.

What *is* this plague, unsearchable and lone,
Sightless, and tongueless, till a wild voice howls
When nations die? What is this power unknown?
And whence this strange simoom, that withers souls?

Oh, ask the empire-swallowing deep, that rowls
Black, over long, long buried wealth and fame!

Shall *I*, lost Britain! give the pest a name (L)
That, like a cancer, eats into thy core?
'Tis Avarice, hungry as devouring flame;
But, swallowing all, it hungers as before,
While flame, its food exhausted, burns no more.
Oh, ye hard hearts, that grind the poor, and crush
Their honest pride, and drink their blood in wine,
And eat their children's bread, without a blush,
Willing to wallow in your pomp, like swine,
Why do ye wear the human form divine?
Can ye make men of brutes contemn'd, enslav'd?
Can ye grow sweetness on the bitter rue?
Can ye restore the health of minds deprav'd?
And self-esteem in blighted hearts renew?
Why should souls die, to feed such worms as you?
Numidian! who didst say to hated Rome,
'There is no buyer yet, to purchase thee!'
Come, from the damn'd of old, Jugurtha, come!
See one Rome fall'n! another, mightier, see!
And tell us what the second Rome shall be!
But long, Oh, Heav'n, avert from this sad land
The conflict of the many with the few,
When, crumpled, like a leaf, in havock's hand,
The great, the old, shall vanish from the view,
And slaves be men, all traitors, and all true!

Nor from the fierce and iron-breathing North,
That grimly blossoms with the sword and spear,
Call a new Alaric, and his robbers forth,
To crush what worth is left untrampled here,
And shake from Freedom's urn dust still so dear,
While trade-left Thames pours mute his shiple
wave!
But thou, our Father, journeyest to the grave,
A Briton, like thy sires, the fear'd of old!
Thou shalt not see outlandish king or slave
Conquer the green isle of the stern and bold,
That despots, erst, though leagued with hell, co
troll'd.
The land where Hampden fell, and Russell bled,
Is yet no barrack for invading hordes;
Mary is undefiled, her boys unled
To slaughter, by their country's foreign lords.
Yet hast thou seen our fratricidal swords
Assail the bondman, struggling to be free;
And strike for tyrants, destin'd, soon or late,
To thank our crimes, by which they reign, and l
Black vengeance to our hearths, and righteous fat
But go!—no second spring can renovate
Thy blighted soul. A moment, big with woe,
O'er thee hath roll'd another hundred years.
Go, to the cottage of thy childhood, go!
Where green, as in thy youth, the vale appears,
And Mary's love avaits her sire, in tears.

Go to thy cottage—not with humbled look,
And stealthy pace, a thing of guilt and fear!—
But thou, alas, dependance canst not brook;
Ev'n pity now is insult to thine ear;
Fall'n is thy crest, thy heart is cold and drear.
Yet go thou to thy home, though daily there
Some little comfort is retrench'd; nor blame
The child, who veil'd her griefs, her sire to spare
'Though Mary is become an ill-starr'd name,
Why should her father feel the pang of shame?'
How often from thy side doth she retire
To weep alone! 'Shall he, who gave us all,
Shall Enoch Wray, the soul of fearless fire,
The good, the proud, become in age a thrall?'
Oh, not for this, the lord of shroud and pall
So long hath pass'd him on his gloomy way!
No, he who hears the voiceless worm complain,
Hath heard his spirit for dismission pray:
'Oh, let me, Lord, my God, till death retain
My humble pride, a name without a stain!
When the flesh fail'd not, Lord, I lean'd on thee!
Though the flesh fails, let not my soul be mov'd!
But now release me—if thy will it be—
Oh, let thy child rejoin the lost and lov'd!
For long on earth have I thy mercy prov'd,
And my heart yearns to bless thy name in heav'n.'

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

BOOK X.

CONTENTS.

Horrors of paupery to independent minds.—Enoch Wray visits the Churchyard, where he reads the grave stones with his fingers. —Death of the Patriarch.

LIFE! who would live, to be the helpless prey
Of sordid avarice? Oh, neglected Age,
That, bed-rid, lingerest in prolong'd decay!
Who would, like thee, a war all hopeless wage
With foes that mock his grief, and scorn his rage?
How sad the sight, when far from all he loves,
By crouds pursu'd, the slander'd terrier flies,
Till, wounded by his lord in unknown groves,
He mingles looks of love with piteous cries,

And, smiling on his dear destroyer, dies!
How terrible, to wake, interr'd alive,
And shriek for instant aid, which cannot come;
And scare the worm, that yet shall feed; and strive,
Beneath six feet of earth, in airless gloom,
With desperate wrench, to dispossess the tomb!
More dreadful still, lost Captive, is thy fate,
To whom a grave is given, and death denied;
For life, imprison'd by relentless hate,
Who bids despair, thy chamberlain, provide
Hope's coffin'd corpse, to mate thy sleepless side!
But direr, sadder than all these, is man
Wasted by want, and superhuman toil;
Or fall'n from decent competence, and wan
With grief, and forc'd, while heart and brain recoil,
To beg a crust on his paternal soil,
Or ask his equals for a pauper's pay!

But thou art not a pauper, Enoch Wray!
Free hast thou liv'd, in honesty and pride,
A hundred summers; bright hath been thy day
Even in its gloom; and on the grave's dark side
Thou little hast to fear, and nought to hide,
Prepar'd to die, as good men wish to die.

Hark!—like a spirit preaching from the sky,
'Repent ye, for the kingdom is at hand;'
An iron voice—as if Eternity,

Dethroning Time, sent forth his high command—
Speaks to the aw'd heart of the silent land;
From yonder tower, time-darken'd, thunder scar'd,
Still the deep toll is floating on the air;
It calls our father to the lone church-yard;
Ah, many, many of his friends are there!
And Age, at five score years, hath few to spare!
Thou antique Fane! that in thy solemn suit
Of carven flowers, and stone-embroidery grand,
(Old, yet unshaken, eloquent, though mute,)
Tower'st, like the sculptur'd guardian of the land;
Thy reverend looks what bosom can withstand,
And feel nor throb like love, nor chill like fear,
Nor glow like adoration? The leaves fall
Around thee—men fall with them; both are here;
While thou alike view'st bridal robe and pall,
Sovereign of marriage, and of funeral!
Witness of Ages, and memorial hoar
Of generations, to eternity
Gone, like the hour that can return no more!
Grey Enoch is a child compared with thee;
Yet man like him thou ne'er again shalt see!
How would it gladden thy bewilder'd eyes,
(Dusked with cobweb films, and colours old,
And with long gazing on dim blazonries,)
Could'st thou, in these degenerate times behold
A pair like Enoch Wray and Mary Gold,
As to the altar in their youth they came;

He—like a warrior to the battle feast,
With cheek of downy light and umber'd flame,
A presence glorious as the bright'ning east;
She—bending at his side, with charms encreas'd,
Like chaste Andromache by Hector led;
Her arm in his, her gentle eyes depress'd,
Her neck and face with burning crimson spread,
And lovely as maternal beauty's breast,
Beneath the soft cheek of her child caress'd,
Returning love for love, and smile for smile!
But, oh, not now, thou venerable pile!
Comes he, with genial thoughts to rapture true,
But with sad heart, though not without a smile,
To bid his old remembrances adieu;
And, ere he mingle with the clay, renew
Feelings, which, when the dust that moulders here
Could sympathize with animated clay,
Joy'd with its joy, return'd it tear for tear,
And, bidding sorrow look for brighter day,
Pointed to heav'n, but did not 'lead the way.'
Now, on the tomb-stones which of old he laid,
(Pages with silent admonition fraught,)
He kneels, and in the twilight of thy shade,
Reads with his fingers, what his chisel wrought,
Perchance, th' effusions of his pensive thought,
Full oft' recited in his soul, with pride.

Beneath him rest five husbands, side by side:

Can ought disturb them? We, perhaps, shall see:
But why unite what death and fate divide?
'John Stot, Charles Lamb, Giles Humble, Simon Flea,
And Richard Green, here wait for Alice—me!'

Erect, like youth, stands this sepulchral stone:
But what is youth? a flower; and life? a dream.
Read!—for youth, life, the flower, the dream, are gone:
Read!—'Death is life! I *am* not what I seem:
Think of poor Henry still! but rightly deem.'

The next is dateless; but, aged eighteen years,
Died she, whom hardest hearts have ceas'd to blame;
The kind still read her epitaph with tears:
'Here rests a stranger: she had once a name:
Weep for the gentle dust that died of shame.'

They did not lay his bones where four roads meet.
Although his crime was grief, which some called pride,
Wrong not the wrong'd, who slumbers at thy feet!
'Was Jones a coward? Honest, yet belied,
He was too brave to live disgrac'd, and died.'

In yonder grave, heav'n's grateful debtor lies,
Struck blind in youth—old Shiloh Hollischart.

'The beam of beauty left his cheerful eyes,
To glow more deeply, brightly, in his heart.'
Read, mortal! be instructed, and depart.

'Tears for the slander'd! tears—but shed too late.
Come! if thou come to weep, traducer fell,
Whose slighted love hath done the work of hate
But thou, perchance, hast yet more lies to tell
Of her who lov'd not thee, and lov'd too well?'

But why hath Enoch grav'd on this lone tomb
The yeoman tall, who grasps, with amorous strain,
A snake, that feedeth on his fading bloom?
Read!—'I was friendless, and I liv'd in vain;
Cramp tore my nerves, and cancer gnaw'd my brain:
Yet, to the last, I pray'd for life, in pain.'

This still retreat, thou faithful to the dead,
Claims thy attentive pause, demands thy tear!
Stop! read again th' inscription, often read:
'Remember me, and, weeping, linger here,
If still to thee thy Harcourt's name is dear!
But if thou wed again, oh, come not near!'

A broken mast, a bursting wave, a child
Weeping, a woman frantic on the shore;—
Rude stone! thou tell'st a story sad and wild

' Pain, want, unkindness, all ' afflictions sore,'
Disease, suspense, with constancy I bore;
My heart was broken—Letty lies with me;
And now we know that Matthew died at sea.'

No sculptur'd stone informs the passer-by
That the poor clown is now the Squireling's peer:
Here lies a rogue, whose crime was poverty!
And just Sir Cornlaw sleeps in marble near!
Bones of the treadmill'd slave!—what do ye here?
Oh, shame to bread-tax'd England's bought and sold!
The loathsome wretch, who toil'd, and starv'd, and
died,
And he, whose merit was a robber's gold,
Repose, like married equals, side by side!
Audacious Death! is Mammon, thus, defied?
What, shall the parish-paid of yesterday
Rest with the sacred boroughmongering great?
Why fence ye not a Pauper's Golgotha,
Where, buried without bell, these dogs may wait
The crowning cock, while rich men rot in state?

But to one grave the blind man's eyes are turn'd,
Move where he may—and yet he seeks it not.
He communes with the poor, the lost, the mourn'd,
The buried long, by all, but him, forgot:
The hated?—no; his bosom never burn'd
With fire so base: the dreaded? No, he spurn'd

Fear, as unworthy of the human breast.
Why does he pause on his dark pilgrimage?
Hath he forgot what love remembers best?
Oh, stoop and find, in this familiar page,
The mournful story, dearest to his age!
'Here Lucy rests, who in this vale of tears
Dwelt thirty weeks:—Here waits the judgment-day
Her brother James, who died, ag'd fifty years:
Here slumbers sinless Anne, who liv'd a day:
Children of Mary, and of Enoch Wray.'
His finger pauses, like a trembling wand,
Held o'er desponding hope by mercy. Lo!
Another line, cut by another hand,
On the cold stone, from which he riseth slow;
But it is written on his heart of woe;
'Mary! thou art not lost, but gone before.'

Oh, no!—not lost. The hour that shall restore
Thy faithful husband, Mary, is at hand;
Ye soon shall meet again, to part no more;
By angels welcom'd to their blissful land,
And wander there, like children, hand in hand,
To pluck the daisy of eternal May.

It is the evening of an April day.
Lo, for the last time, in the cheerful sun
Our father sits, stooping his tresses grey,
To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,

Young as if time had yesterday begun.
Heav'n's gates are like an Angel's wing, with plumes
Of glorious green, and purply gold, on fire:
Through rifts of mountainous clouds, the light illumes
Hill-tops, and woods, that pilgrim-like retire;
And, like a giant's torch, burns Morthern spire.
Primrosy odours, violet-mingled, float
O'er blue-bells and ground ivy, on their wings
Bearing the music of the blackbird's note;
Beneath the dewy cloud, the woodlark sings,
But on our father's heart no gladness flings.
Mary bends o'er him, mute. Her youngest lad
Grasps, with small hand, his grand-sire's finger fast;
Well knows the old man that the boy is sad;
And the third Mary, as she hurries past,
Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast.
Enoch hears footsteps of unwelcome sound,
While at his feet the sightless mastiff lies;
And, lo, the blind dog, growling, spurns the ground!
'Two strangers are approaching,' Enoch cries;
But Mary's throbbing heart alone replies.
A stern, 'Good day, Sir!' Smites his cheek more pale;
A rude collision shakes him in his chair;
The Bible of his sires is mark'd for sale!
But degradation is to him despair;
The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear!

But he can *die!*—and in his humble grave,
Sweet shall his long rest be, by Mary's side;
And o'er his coffin uninscrib'd shall wave
The willow tree, beneath the dark tower's pride
Set by his own sad hand, when Mary died.
Though basely branded with a poacher's name,
Poor Joseph slumbers in a distant tomb;
Though Joseph's widow died a death of shame,
Still there was mercy in the old man's doom!
But now, dependance and disgrace are come!
'Albert,' he sighs, 'will perish by this blow.—
'Where is he?'—No reply.—'And shall the throng
Of paupers see my daughter weekly go
For parish alms? No, heav'n! I yet am strong;
Restore my sight! or I have liv'd too long.'
The vain, vain wish, too mighty, leaves him faint;
His visage wan assumes a darkening hue;
The blind dog whines a melancholy plaint,
And ghastly roll his eyes of pallid blue;
Ev'n the hard bailiffs dread the scene to view.
Lyre of the past! oh, art thou, then, unstrung?
The boy resigns his grand sire's finger cold;
A sweet word lingers on our father's tongue—
'Mary! dear Mary!'—But the tale is told:
With her whose virgin name was Mary Gold,
He hears, in heav'n, his swooning daughter shriek.
And when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,

In unison of sweetness with the rose,
Joining the song of every bird, that knows
How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
And when the fells, fresh bath'd in azure air,
Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
Shall blush to heav'n, that Nature is so fair,
And man condemn'd to labour, in despair;—
Then, the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
The red-breast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood
Of crimson, fring'd with lucid shadows grand—
Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
Bound to the eternal future, as the past!
The Patriarch died; and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore, (M)
Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,

Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, oh, Earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright—
Veil his impassion'd brow, and heav'nly tears!

NOTES.

BOOK I.

(A)

> And landed Pauper, in his coach and four,
> Bound to far countries, from a realm betray'd,
> Scowls on the crowd.

'A Pauper, in his coach and four!' Is there no longer any respect for high birth, the gradations of rank, and the privileges of the Aristocracy? In what catastrophe will the insolence of this generation end? For, alas, jacobinism is not now confined to the rabble of any country! Has not the Grand Turk himself turned radical, and lately destroyed the finest body of tories in the world, his ancient, orthodox, and unalterable janizaries? But in this country, liberalism appears openly in all places, flown with abominable knowledge. Nor does there appear to be any salvation left for us, unless the bread-tax-eaters can be induced to convene, and, with Lord Winchelsea at their head, give the Whigs two dips and a wallop each, in the huge steam-engine boilers of the detestable manufacturing districts. Positively, there

is no remedy, but hot submersion. For your true Whig, or radical, or whatever else be his revolutionary name, is a sort of cock turnip; he can bear cold pretty well, and he has no objection to a moderate degree of heat; but if you boil him, as you do your turnip, you will infallibly discover the heroic virtues which his modesty had concealed. The sickness of the state, I repeat, admits but of this cure; and there are persons who doubt whether the cure would not be worse than the disease. For those abominable Whigs, especially the town-dwelling portion of them, are very profitable stock; if they were all destroyed, rents would probably fall one half, the estates would change hands, and the lords of the creation be outsted by money-lenders, low wretches engaged in trade.

BOOK II.

(B)

And soon, faint odours, o'er the vernal dew
Will tempt the earliest bee to woo the flower
Whose verge is wiry gold.

The flower here alluded to is the Polanthus, 'the poor man's flower,' which never deserts his garden, until hope has deserted him. It is the jacobin of the vegetable kingdom; and when it is transplanted into the gardens of the great, it loses *all* its worth.

BOOK III.

(C)

Kindly he greets the man of five-score years,
The blind, the poor; while purse-pride turns away

The few act after the manner of the few; and whenever wealth is synonymous with insolence, the great mass of the people are already in a state of real or apprehended poverty. Hence the prevalence of purse-pride in England, where Beggar-pride would rather be suspected of the plague, than of any acquaintance with the rabble; and where destitution is so general, that to sympathize with the poor is equivalent to a sentence of banishment from the inestimable smiles of all the great vulgar. But in France, if an English nobleman were to give himself such airs as we witness here daily, in the freaks of every fifty-pound upstart, he would instantly be rolled in the mire. This is the first discovery made by the hideous tax-eater, when he crosses the Channel. Yet on his return for a fresh supply of the needful, he resumes a complacency quite as safe as that in which the despotism of Charles the First reposed, when he was supported and addressed by the whole nobility and gentry of a justly indignant nation, in whose hands, a few months afterwards, that crawling nobility, and those honourable gentlemen, were as vermin shaken from the mane of the horse in battle;—but the rider of the horse was Hampden.

BOOK IV.

(D)

He died, where fell the free of ancient Greece.

It is amusing to hear the sons of the serviles who sent Burns broken-hearted to the grave, *now* praising Byron for the only fault which he ever had in their eyes; but it is too bad when they exalt into a hero the coxcomb

who would have gone into hysterics if a tailor had laughed at him.

(E)

Nor did his sorrow smile
Until his daughter to her Albert bore
Another Mary.

"Another Mary Green
Is come to Goldrill side."—*Wordsworth*.

BOOK V

(F)

Bee! thou hast left thy sandy cov'd retreat
Before the living purple hath purvey'd
Food for thee.

I am told by a friend, that my natural history is incorrect. But what I have seen, I can believe. On the twenty-sixth day of January, 1827, I saw the wild honeysuckle in leaf, and the hazle in flower; and towards the close of the following March, the wood-rose had kindled into full verdure, and the elm, the poplar, the willow, the celandine, the daisy, the wind-flower, and the primrose, were all in bloom; while the adder, the lizard, and the sand-bee, were rejoicing in the sunbeams.

BOOK VIII.

(G)

Kind souls! ye jail the peasant, while ye plough
The wild that lov'd to laugh around his home.

What remuneration has been made to the poor for the commons of which they have been deprived? It is no

answer to say, that they had no *right* to the rent-free land which they occupied. They were in possession, and they are outsted; they were independent, and they are paupers. When the landholders complain of the poor-rates, they must not expect us to forget, that the waste lands, falsely so called, were a national benefit, when the poor held them, and that they are now a nuisance and a curse. Let those gentlemen state the account fairly between themselves and their paupers; let them, in addition to some millions of tax-ploughed acres, pass to the credit of the poor what has been taken from them by the operation of Workhouse wages—by the fluctuations of paper-prices, and by taxes, the bitter fruit of our antijacobin wars, and they will find that all the lands of England, if unmortgaged, would not pay the balance, which before the eternal throne stands at their debit. But a demoralized population, and a debt of eight hundred millions, are not the only results of our indulgence in the luxury of carnage. The Corn Law is another proof of our having annihilated jacobinism and French principles. Over it in embryo the hereditary ears had long been fondly shaken: but when the perfection of monopoly was born, how joyful were the pangs of parturition! how loud was the bray of Absolute Wisdom on the birth of the donkey of his dotage, so worthy of its father, and so like him! The thistles of old Scotland had a holiday on the occasion, and, to this hour, expecting to be food for man, disdain the approaching jackass.

(H)

Storm-smitten rock! and thou, time-wrinkled tree!
Where is the sun-lov'd cottage, which, of old,
Ye screen'd from envious winds?

I am no advocate for cottage-beggary. But in France, since the revolution, there are cottagers who are not beggars. Is it only in countries blessed with the British constitution, that cottager and pauper are synonymous? I think I can remember the time when the agricultural labourers of this country were not paupers. If I am mistaken, I beg pardon of 'the gentlemen of England, who live abroad at ease;' for they cannot have degenerated from their ancestors, who, it would seem, watched over the interests of the poor with the same paternal solicitude which distinguishes their most Christian successors. Still, though the Rockingbams and the Savilles might be, like the Landsdowns and the Fitzwilliams, exceptions to a general rule, I am unwilling to believe that 'the famous roast beef of Old England,' was always translateable into sixpence a day, with bread at an average of about forty pence per stone. The Parisians talk of 'Roast Beef of Pork;' but what would they say to 'Roast Beef of Potatoes?'

But whatever may have been the former state of our agricultural labourers, I can fearlessly declare, from my own knowledge and observation, that the little master manufacturers of the district around Sheffield, are in a much worse condition than they were twenty-five years ago. The hard-working and once-happy nailer, or cutler,—a freebolder, perhaps, still living in his *own* cottage, fronted by its lovely garden, can no longer keep up his credit as a tradesman. He might possibly pay his debts, by selling the freehold, and removing into the town, but that would break his heart. In the country he is something, for he is a freeholder; but what would he be in the dingiest hovel of the dirtiest town's vilest

street? In a very, very few years, if the Corn Law continue, the whole race of such men will have become paupers.

BOOK IX.

(I)

With Lethbridge, and the Workhouse have their due?

That such men as Sir Thomas ought to receive parish-pay, I by no means think; that they deserve to starve, I will not say; but that their advocacy of Corn Bills, if persisted in with success, will bring them to the workhouse, I am happy to believe; and if they *will* have it so, I shall be glad to see them there,—the sooner the better.

(K)

Will Glynn accept, when Rentless draws his bill?

Certainly, Glynn will not accept! and certainly, in spite of the magic which I am told there is in the word rent, the bread-tax-eaters, if they have no hope but in monopoly, will become rentless.

But in what does the magic of the word rent consist? Can we conjure better with it, than with any other word? A landholder, living on his annual rental, is precisely like any other annuitant. I suspect there is some fallacy in Mr. Ricardo's famous theory. That in any over-peopled country, *blessed with a corn monopoly*, the demand for bread exceeding the supply, would cause bad lands to be cultivated, and good lands to rise in value I can readily believe. But if the theory of rent is true, land must be unlike all other things. Accordingly, it is

attempted to be shown, that land, being limited in extent, is therefore unlike all other things, and especially unlike the productions of human labour, which are produced in quantities proportioned to the demand for them. But land is of no value until there is a demand for its productions, and consequently that proportion of it which is not in cultivation, is of no more account at present, than the labourer who will be born a hundred years hence. I shall not ask whether *the capability of skill and labour to produce goods*, is not, *like the capability of the land for cultivation*, philosophically a limited quantity; but it does seem to me, *that the quantity of land actually in cultivation* varies with circumstances, just as the productions of skill and labour do; and, if so, the distinction between land and other things, with regard to limitation, is a distinction without a difference. Even if the last cultivable acre in the world were cultivated, my argument would still hold good; for the exertions of skill and labour have also their limits. That the iron ore in the bowels of the earth is precisely as limited in quantity, as the surface of the earth is limited in extent, no man will deny; yet the limited quantity of the iron ore in the world, does not prevent the iron ore, or the finished iron of Ulverstone from being governed in price by the iron ore, or the finished iron of Russia and Sweden. *Give the English iron-master a monopoly*, and then, I grant, the theory of rent will *work well* in the mines of Cumberland.

(L)

Shall *I*, lost Britain, give the curse a name,
That, like a cancer, eats into thy core?
'Tis Avarice.——

That the too-famous anti-profit law, commonly called the bread-tax, was the cause of the late commercial crisis, and of all the speculation that preceded it, and that it is also the principal cause of our present distresses, no man in his senses doubts. It is not then at all wonderful that the wisdom of our landholders, and the benevolence of their intentions, when they passed their self-denying ordinance, has not hitherto been even suspected. Perhaps, none but the poet of all beggars could have made the discovery, that Messrs. Protection, Clod, and Co. are not levellers, but merely liberals, and that their aim is not revolution, but only radical reform. If, however, there are still any persons who doubt the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, the Corn Law, I fear, is destined to convince them, with a vengeance. Yet that law is worth the yearly forty millions which it costs us, if it do no more than demonstrate to the firm above named, that they must beware in future how they play at the game of war. Machiavel says, that the country whose people are compelled to pay a high price for their bread, cannot maintain its independance; but to the Corn Law we owe our knowledge of the precious truth, that no fully-peopled country can maintain its rank among the nations, *unless it untax its manufacturing industry, capital and skill.* Very possibly, those profound men, Sir Locus Almoner, and his great relations, were not quite aware of this, when, with a paper lie in their hearts, and parish-pay in their hands, they said to the plundered labourers, 'Increase and multiply in numbers and in wretchedness, for our honour and glory.' But if two and two are four, it is now certain, that the government of this empire *must* untax every thing but land, if

we are to pay a regiment of soldiers, or keep a ship of war in commission. In fact, the continuance of the Corn Law is a sentence of paupery passed by the land-owners on themselves, or their heirs. Beside, if the Corn Law should destroy our trade, and the agriculture of the country he unable, as it would be, to furnish even potatoes for the population, it is rather prohable that fifteen millions of radicals would not die of famine without making very odd grimaces, and uttering sounds which Nimrod and Tallyho could not easily mistake for the cry of a pack of hounds, though each of those gentlemen might play his character of puss, or fox, in the drama of retrihution. These truths have long heen obvious to all whose brains are near their eyes; but the hrains of the land-holders are in their bellies; and it is only through their pockets and their intestines, that they can be made to understand any thing. Yet let us hope that the time is at hand, when labourer and artisan, shopkeeper and merchant, manufacturer and farmer;—every gentleman who would weep to see our venerahle institutions prostrate in the dust,—every man who still respects, in spite of themselves, that nohle body which has produced a Bacon, a Fairfax, a Russell, a Byron, and a Holland, will join in a yell of execration, against the all-beggaring bread-tax.

BOOK X.

(M)

Th' unutterable deep, hath no shore.

It seems beyond the powers of the mind of any limitary heing to conceive, that space ever had a beginning, or that it ever can have an end.

To

G. CALVERT HOLLAND, M. D.

Who, by his efforts,

In favour of universal education,

Is preparing better days,

For the England of my children,

And, a brighter futurity,

For the human race,

I inscribe

THIS POEM.

L O V E.

BOOK I.

WHAT marvel, Laura, if thy minstrel shun
The peopled waste, the loneliness of crowds?
I love the streams, that mirror as they run
The voiceless clouds.
The stillness of Almighty Power is here,
And Solitude, the present Deity,
Throned on the hills that meet the bending sphere,
How silently!
Oh, look around thee! On those rocks sublime
Th' impression of eternal feet is seen!
These mountains are the eldest-born of Time,
Still young and green!
What nobler home, what holier company
For Love and Thought, than forests and the heath,
Where life's Great Cause, in his sublimity,
Dwells lone as Death?

What scene more fit than this, though wild and
drear,
With Heav'n, the universal sea, above,
To prompt the song most sweet to lady's ear—
The lay of Love?

Hear'st thou the murmur of the living rill,
That ever seeks the valley green and still,
Gliding from view, love-listening groves between,
And most melodious when it flows unseen?
What though, at times, the sun in wrath retire,
And o'er its course the clouds dissolve in fire?
Soon bend the skies in brighter beauty fair,
And see, where'er it flows, their image there.
Softly it steals beneath the lucid sky;
So, Love's lone stream steals to eternity.
How the flowers freshen where the waters glide,
And seem to listen to the limpid tide!
So bless'd is he whose life serenely flows,
Reflecting golden clouds, and many a rose.
He hears Heav'n's voice in every warbling grove,
And sees in every flower the smile of Love.
Love! eldest Muse! Time heard thine earliest
lay
When light through Heav'n led forth the new-
born day.
The stars, that give no accent to the wind,
Are golden odes and music to the mind;

So, passion's thrill is Nature's minstrelsy;
So, to the young heart, Love is poetry.
God of the soul! illumination, caught
From thy bright glance, is energy to thought;
And song, bereft of thee, is cold and tame,
The bard a cinder, uninstinct with flame.
But when the heart looks through the eye of Love
On Nature's form, things lifeless breathe and move;—
The dewy forest smiles, dim morning shakes
The rainbow from his plumage, music wakes
The dimpled ripple of the azure wave,
In fiery floods green hills their tresses lave,
And myriad flowers all bright'ning from the dews,
Day's earth-born stars, their golden beams effuse:
Transported passion bids rocks, floods, and skies
Burst into song, while her delighted eyes
To all they see their own rich hues impart;
And the heart's language speaks to every heart.
Love, 'twas my heart that named thee! sweetest word
Here, or in highest Heav'n pronounc'd or heard!
Whether by seraph near the throne above,
Or soul-sick maiden in the vernal grove,
Or matron, with her first-born on her knee,
Or, sweeter, lisp'd by rose-lipp'd infancy!
Yes, Love, my heart did name thee! not because

Thy mandate gave the bright-hair'd comet laws;
Nor that thy hand, in good almightiest, showers
The everblooming, fiery-petall'd flowers
Wide o'er the fields of hyacinthine Heav'n;
But that to me thy richest smile hath giv'n
Bliss, tried in pain. So, 'mid my rosy boys,
In joy and grief, I sing thy griefs and joys.
Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the fire,
And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While Love and Hope inspire his wordless pray'r.
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness, as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be their's, the moonlight of the breast,
And occupation, and alternate rest,
And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk!
Their's be no flower that withers on the stalk,

But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity!

Young Devotee, whose fond and guileless heart
Feels, for the first time, Love's delicious smart!
Now—while the sun his crimson radiance showers,
And stars the green night of the woods with flowers,
That, hung, like rubies, on each trembling thorn,
Outshine the myriad opals of the morn—
Now take thy lonely walk of ecstacy;
The sun is in the west, young Devotee!
Or, wilt thou seek thine idol proud and fair,
To throw thee at her feet, and worship there
The might serene of beauty on her throne,
And feel her powers almighty o'er thy own?
Then—as a cloud, athwart the desert cast,
Relieves the wretch who tracks the sand aghast,
If but a ringlet tremble on her cheek,
Or, if her lips but move and seem to speak,
Or, evening brighten in her eye divine,
How sweet a pain, young Devotee, is thine!

But deeper transport far, and sweeter pain,
For Love's victorious votaries remain.

Oh, may'st thou ne'er, like hapless Tasso, know
Ambitious Love's excess of maddening woe!
Be thy lot happier! and, with yielding sweet,
May vanquish'd beauty raise thee from her feet,
And long, and long thy bride and truth's to be,
Smile on thy smile, or weep in bliss with thee;
Nor live, like sad Miranda, to deplore, (b)
Where savage grandeur crowns some alien shore,
Connubial widowhood in hated arms,
And curse, with every kiss, her fatal charms.
Oh, bless'd, who drinks the bliss that Hymen yields,
And plucks life's roses in his quiet fields!
Though in his absence hours seem lengthen'd years,
His presence hallows separation's tears.
Or, clasp'd in dreams, for his delay'd return
Fond arms are stretch'd, and speechless wishes burn!
Love o'er his fever'd soul sheds tears more sweet
Than angel's smiles, when parted angels meet:
To him no fabled paradise is given;
His very sorrows charm, and breathe of heav'n.
And soon the fairest form that walks below
Shall bless the name of parent in her woe;
Soon o'er her babe shall breathe a mother's pray'r,
And kiss its father's living picture there,
While the young stranger on life's dangerous way

Turns with a smile his blue eye to the day.
But where shall poesy fit colours choose
To paint the matron morning sprinkling dews
O'er half-blown flowers, that pay their early breath
In tribute to the Lord of life and death,
Who bids the lucid blush of nature glow
Till angels see another Heaven below,
Dimples the deep with every breeze that blows,
And gives its sweet existence to the rose?
Maternal Love, best type of heavenly bliss!
Thou shew'st the joys of brighter worlds in this,
When sons and daughters rush to thy embrace,
And Love is painted on each rosy face!
Ev'n in the vale of poverty and gloom,
Thy joys, like heath-flowers on the moorland, bloom,
And o'er thy child of ignorance thy sigh
Its wordless pray'r, and not unheard on high.
But, crown'd with knowledge, best Instructress thou!
Tuition smiles seraphic on thy brow.
What though Contempt, with simpering sneer aside,
Deems all thy teaching labour misapplied?
What though around thee move the slaves of gain
Who oft inflict, but seldom pity pain,
Still pointing, as they shake the sapient head,

At talent's rags, and learning's sons half-fed?
Thy children's worth, maturing day by day,
Thy children's glory, shall thy cares repay;
And they shall bless thine age with accents kind,
E'en as his daughter nursed Ferdoosi blind,
When three times thirty years and ten had shed
Illustrious Winter on his honour'd head.
A soldier, Charles shall Wolfe's renown transcend,
Proud to avenge his country, or defend.
John, grave in childhood, on the soul shall shower,
The Gospel-dews, with renovating power;
Sublime instruction from his lips shall flow,
And Mercy's antidote for sin and woe.
Matilda's name shall shine, admired afar,
In Fame's blue night, a new, and lovely star;
May she not hope for glory's bright caress,
Fair, young, ingenious, and a Britonness?
May she not hope, where all can judge and feel,
Where wealth crowns virtue, genius, and O'Neil?
Where Opie's pages truth and joy impart?
Where Owenson and Edgeworth paint the heart?
Where, crown'd with terror, Radcliffe rears her throne,
A dread Medea, but a guiltless one;
And tragic Baillie stole, from nature's side,
The mantle left by Shakspeare when he died?
But better bliss shall glowing Mary prove,
Bless'd in a faithful husband's fondest love.

Then each sweet grandchild on thy heart shall rise
A new existence, rich in ecstasies;
And, mother's mother! a new name, be given
To thee, a Heav'n to come, and memory's Heav'n.
Peace, like an infant, slumbering at thy feet,
Thy day shall melt into the evening sweet;
And, while Elysian breezes fan thy breast,
Thou shalt sink softly, with a smile, to rest;
And many a relative, and many a friend,
And many a tear, shall note thy gentle end.

When Cook, a sailor's boy, with aching eye
Gazed from the deep on oft-climb'd Roseberry, (c)
While, trembling as she listen'd to the blast,
His anxious parent sea-ward wishes cast,
And fervent pray'r was mute, but not suppress'd,
Though Love was resignation in her breast;
Why didst thou not—thou happiest name of joy!
Bid her cheer'd spirit see that deathless boy
Bear round the globe Britannia's flag unfurl'd,
And from th' abyss unknown call forth a world?

Where death-freed wanderers tread celestial shores,
And silence, in eternal light, adores,
Spirit of Jones! to earth-born Angels tell
What sweet instructress taught her child so well.
What earthly form is likest their's above,
And, in thy teacher, bless Maternal Love!

When Watts' pale mother, o'er her thoughtful child,
In hope and fear alternate wept and smiled,
And bore privation that his mind might feed,
Dare greatest things, and, greatly wise, succeed;—
Though rapture mingled with her bosom's smart,
And sweetest visions tranquillized her heart,
She could not see him give Improvement birth,
And with his vapoury lever lift the earth.
E'en the bright promise in the parent's soul
Mistook and bless'd a portion for the whole;
And Love, for once, a timid prophet, told
Scarce half the worth that truth-taught Time unroll'd.

In Severn's vale, a wan and moon-struck boy
Sought, by the daisy's side, a pensive joy;
Held converse with the sea-birds as they pass'd,
And strange and dire communion with the blast,
And read in sunbeams, and the starry sky,
The golden language of eternity.
Age saw him, and look'd sad; the young men smiled;
And wondering maidens shunn'd his aspect wild.
But He—the ever kind, the ever wise!
Who sees through fate, with omnipresent eyes,
Hid from the mother, while she bless'd her son,
The woes of genius, and of Chatterton.

What child is hopeless in his mother's sight?

Say, then, oh, thou, whose very tears delight,
Walks there a wretch, displeased, amid thy flowers,
Who, while thy smile illumes life's saddest hours
With serpent hiss malign thy worth denies,
And views thy transports with disdainful eyes?
There are, sweet power! who blame thy gentle rule,
And call thy hearth of happiness the school
Where manly hearts, by hate coerced in vain
First learn to like, and then to wear a chain.
Cold, but not wise, a partial task is their's,
To blame the rich soil for the weed it bears.
What power invincible, on earth, in heav'n
Like Love can strive with fate, like Love hath striven?
Thou only spark in man that is divine!
If thine is transport, Stoic strength is thine;
And calmly canst thou smile on danger's form,
Like rosy summer on the thunder-storm.
Thine is the hand to act, the heart to dare,
The soul to feel, the fortitude to bear,
The breast that softly glows, or bravely bleeds,
The voice that calls to fame, the step that leads;
And time-tried truth and constancy, that prove
He is no wretch who hath no friend but Love.
How oft when man, his dream of splendour o'er,
Sees his friend's dog assail him at the door,
While, cold and crush'd, his heart within him dies,

Love clasps him close, though hope despairs and
flies!
So, when o'er Eden waved the fiery brand,
Our exiled parents wander'd, hand in hand,
And left, with many a sigh th' Elysian scene,
A joyless, widow'd bed where bliss had been,
A solitude of beauty, vainly fair,
'A flower unseen, that scents the desert air:'
Love, and sweet tears, for Eden lost suffice;
Though Eden was no longer Paradise:
Oft looking back, they went, but side by side—
The world before them, weeping Love their
guide.

Yes, Fortune's faithless wrongs may turn to stee
The flattering foe, that well can feign to feel;
The desperate heart may lean on torture's thorn
The sun be darkness to the eye forlorn;
All may be hopeless gloom, around, above,
All, save thy quenchless smile, heroic Love!
Of this bear witness, Denbigh, and thou den,
Too oft the torturing home of hapless men,
Where Waller's Angel cheer'd him in the tomb,(d
And smiled a twilight o'er his dungeon's gloom
Bear witness, too, ye groves of Tankersley,
And thou, pure rill, whose sky-born melody
Warbles of heav'nly peace! for ye beheld,
(When Fanshawe sought, by Cromwell's swor
compell'd, (e)

His care-worn form beneath your shades to hide,)
The mate of Honour by her husband's side!
She, when the iron pierced his soul, was near
To bathe his aching fetters with a tear;
And, when her supplication broke his chain,
She kiss'd away the mem'ry of his pain,
And bade him strike, where Druid oaks aspire,
The love-taught Lusian's care-assuaging lyre.
Oh, sink not, then, desponding slave of care!
Arise, be dreadless! why should man despair?
Lo, woman's love can plant the rock with flowers,
Gild Fate's black storm, when big with death it lours,
Make cowards brave, arm Pity's hand to slay,
And scathe Invasion's hordes in disarray!

Love! when red Battle, o'er the stormy crest
Of free Helvetia, roll'd his eye unbless'd,
Thou heard'st thy sons on God and Freedom call,
Thou saw'st thy sons in Freedom's conflict fall.
The infant Tell, when that sad tale is told,
Lowers, with indignant front, his locks of gold,
Clangs his small drum, with despot-daring hand,
And half assumes his little wooden brand;
Rage, wonder, grief, his guileless heart surprize,
And all the mother swells into his eyes.
Then, when th' horizon flamed, a flag of doom,
When pale affright heard breeze-borne horrors boom,

When blazing hamlets spoke of havock near,
And beauty paid her hero with a tear,
What wonder, if the virgin helm'd her head,
Rush'd to the field with thundering vollies red,
And, by her lover's side, a martial form,
Tower'd the Bellona of the battle-storm?
So, when around thy home war's banners fly,
And patriots on the threshold fight and die,
The Matron, then—her dreadless husband slain
And dead the famish'd child, that lived in vain—
Climbs with Thalestrian port the leagured wall
Where Death rides sulphury on the whirling ball
Fires her loud tube, and on the fiends below
Shakes from her widow'd tresses shame and woe
To scathe with dread th' Oppressor's cheek o flame,
To foil Death's gambler at his favourite game,
To soothe despair, and bid e'en anguish please,
These are thy triumphs, mighty Conqueror, these
Vaulting Ambition hesitates to meet
Thy powerful glance; War crouches at thy feet
When troubles rise, when peril's direst form
Frowning on man, adds darkness to the storm;
Then,--while, in spite of shame, the bravest fear,—
Affection stands her babes and husband near,
Endures and dares, for him, and them alone,
And, in their danger, quite forgets her own.
When Virtue dies, in pallid Want's embrace,

Not friendless, though abandon'd by the base;
Then, o'er the grave from which all flatterers fly,
Love sheds a tear which kingdoms could not buy.
And—as the April sunbeam melts the snow,
Till peeps the golden flower that slept below,—
Thy look can charm the Fiend beneath whose eye
All joys, but thine, and bless'd Religion's, die,
The king of woes, pride-humbling Poverty.

L O V E.

BOOK II.

Oh, faithful Love, by Poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
Ev'n as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes has caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen,—repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before;)
Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!

Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green ;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let Luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir.
And, while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too !
But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you !
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear !
Mother of Men, be proud without a tear !
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love ;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair, (f)
Remember Arkwright, and peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest SHAKSPEARE was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils, as though hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice !
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice !
See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,

And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo!

Northumbrian vales! ye saw, in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When poor, yet learn'd, he wander'd young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he woo'd the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breath'd your blue-bell'd paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.

Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And, lo, he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo, ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!

The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaff'd the rain-drop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshen'd lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;

Ramp'd the glad colt, and cropp'd the pensile
spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirror'd blush;
When, calmly seated on his pannier'd ass,
Where travellers here the steel hiss as they pass,
A milkboy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalk'd, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or
blamed;
And golden promise smil'd, and thus exclaim'd;
"Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go;—be the Phidias of the second Greece!"
Greece! thou art fallen, by luxury o'erthrown,
Not vanquish'd by the Man of Macedon!
For ever fall'n! and Sculpture fell with thee.
But from the ranks of British poverty
A glory hath burst forth, and matchless powers
Shall make th' eternal grace of Sculpture our's.
Th' eternal grace? Alas! the date assign'd
To works, call'd deathless, of creative mind,
Is but a speck upon the sea of days;
And frail man's immortality of praise,
A moment to th' eternity of Time,
That is, and was, and shall be, the sublime,

The unbeginning, the unending sea,
Dimensionless as God's infinity!
England, like Greece, shall fall, despoil'd, defaced,
And weep, the Tadmor of the watery waste.
The wave shall mock her lone and manless shore;
The deep shall know her freighted wealth no more;
And unborn wanderers, in the future wood
Where London stands, shall ask where London stood?
As melt the clouds at summer's feet sublime,
The burning forests of noon's fiery clime;
So, art and power, with freedom, melt away
In long prosperity's unclouded ray.
Let soul-sick minstrels sing of myrtle bowers,
And diadem the brow of Love with flowers,
Matured where earth brings forth the rack and scourge,
And ruthless tortures languid labours urge.
Slaves! where ye toil for tyrants, Love is not:
Love's noblest temple is the freeman's cot!
What though each blast its humble thatch uptear?
Bold shall the tyrant be that enters there.
Look up and see, where, throned on alpine snow,
Valour disdains the bondsman's vales below:
So, Love, companion of the wolf, may roam,
And in the desert find a boundless home;
But will not bow the knee to pomp and pride,
Where slaves of slaves with hate and fear reside.

What are the glories that Oppression throws
Around his vainly-guarded throne of woes;
The marbles of divinity, and all
That decks pale Freedom's pomp of funeral?
Let Grandeur's home, o'er subject fields and floods
Rise, like a mountain clad in wintry woods,
And columns tall, of marble wrought, uphold
The spiry roof, and ceilings coved in gold;
But better than the palace and the slave,
Is Nature's cavern that o'erlooks the wave,
Rock-pav'd beneath, and granite-arch'd above,
If Independence sojourn there with Love!

Star of the heart! oh, still on Britain smile,
Of old thy chosen, once thy favour'd isle,
And by the nations, envious and unbless'd,
Call'd thine and Freedom's Eden in the west!
Then hymns to Love arose from every glen,
Each British cottage was thy temple then.
But now what Demon blasts thy happiest land,
And bids thine exiled offspring crowd the strand?
Or pens in festering towns the victim swain,
And sweeps thy cot, thy garden, from the plain?
Lo, where the pauper idles in despair,
Thy Eden droops, for blight and dearth are there!
And, like an autumn floweret, lingering late,
Scarce lives a relic of thy happier state,
A wreck of peace and love, with sadness seen,
That faintly tells what England once hath been!

Amid coeval orchards, grey with age,
Screen'd by memorial elms from winter's rage.
Scarce stands a shed, where virtue loves to be,
A hut of self-dependant poverty,
Where want pines proudly, though distress and fear
Stain thy mute votary with too sad a tear;
And yet I feel thine altar still is here—
Here, where thy Goldsmith's too prophetic strain,
'Mid the few ruins that attest thy reign,
Deplored the sinking hind, the desecrated plain.
Alas, sweet Auburn!—since thy Bard bewail'd
'Thy bowers, by Trade's unfeeling sons assail'd,'
How many a village, sweet like thee, hath seen
The once-bless'd cottage joyless on the green!
Now e'en 'the last of all thy harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain,'
Now 'e'en that feeble, solitary thing'
Hath ceas'd 'to bend above the plashy spring;'
And her fall'n children breathe their curses deep,
Far from that home of which they think, and weep.
Where myriad chimneys wrap their dens in shade,
They rob the night to ply their sickly trade,
And weekly come, with subjugated soul,
Degraded, lost, to ask the workhouse dole.
Slow seems the gloomy Angel, slow, to bring
His opiate cold to hopeless suffering;
And when in death's long sleep their eyes shall close,

Not with their fathers shall their dust repose,
By hoary playmates of their boyhood laid
Where never corse-thief plied his horrid trade :
Not in the village church-yard lone and green,
Around their grave shall weeping friends be seen;
But surly haste shall delve their shallow bed,
And hireling hands shall lay them with the dead,
Where chapmen bargain on the letter'd stone,
Or stumble, careless, o'er the frequent bone.

How long, O Love ! shall loveless Avarice sow
Despair and sloth, and ask why curses grow ?
Or dost thou give thy choicest gifts in vain,
And mock with seeming good the heir of pain ?
God! where thy image dwells, must sorrow dwell?
Must Famine make thy earth her hopeless hell ?
Did thy uplifted axe, Napeleon ! find,
In manless deserts, barren as the wind,
Food ? or when black depopulation shed
Hunger o'er Moscow, were Gaul's armies fed ?
Why do the clouds cast fatness on the hills ?
Why pours the mountain his unfailing rills ;
Why teems with flowers the vale, with life the sky?
Why weds with loveliness utility ?
Why wooes the foodful plain, in blessing bless'd,
The sons of labour to her virgin breast ?
Why is the transcript of thy Heav'n so fair,
If man, poor victim ! lives but to despair ?

Oh Thou, whose brightening wing is plumed
with light,

At once that pinion's beauty and its might;
Thou true Prometheus, by whose lore were taught,
To fix on adamant the fleeting thought,
Star-ruling science, calculation strong,
The march of letters, and th' array of song!
Twin-born with Liberty, and child of Love,
Woe-conqu'ring Knowledge! when wilt thou remove
Th' opprobrium of the earth—the chain'd in soul?
When wilt thou make man's deadliest sickness whole?
Lo! while our 'Bearers of glad Tidings' roam
To farthest lands, we pine in gloom at home!
And still, in thought I hear one whirlwind past!(g)
Still hurtles in my soul the dying blast,
The echo of a hell of sound, that jarr'd
The ear of Heav'n, as when his angels warr'd!
Terrific Drama! and the actors men;
But such may shuddering earth ne'er see again!
Unlike her children, less than fiends or more!
And one, of scarcely human grandeur, bore (h)
World-shaking thunder on his sightless wing;
But when thy spear assail'd his brandish'd sting,
He waned to half a Cæsar. Him the frown
Of ruin dash'd beneath thy axle down:
Then horror shook him from his deathlike sleep;
Then vengeance cast him o'er the troubled deep;
And, on the winds of retribution hurl'd,
His demon shadow still appals the world!

When, Knowledge, when will mortals learn thy lore?
They plant thy tree, and water it with gore.
When wilt thou, when, thy power almighty prove,
And bind the sons of men in chains of Love?
Rise, hope of nations, and assuage their ills!
This wills thy Teacher, this thy Parent wills.
For this, Love taught thy childood in her bower,
And bade thee syllable her words of power,
Till brighten'd on thy brow sublimest thought,
And she, thy teacher, wonder'd as she taught.
Oh, rise, and reign, bless'd Power, that lov'st to bless;
Queen of all worlds, best name of mightiness!
Thy book of life to Labour's children give:
Let Destitution learn to read, and live;
And Independence, smiling on thy brow,
Sing hymns to Love and Plenty, o'er the plough!
Thy kingdom come! on earth let discord cease;
Come thy long sabbath of bless'd love and peace!
No more let Famine, from her idle hell,
Unwonted guest, with Love and Labour dwell,
Till Death stares ghastly wild in living eyes,
And at Pride's bloated feet his feeder dies,
While Luxury, hand in hand with Ruin, moves,
To do the Devil's work, and call it Love's.
What whirlwind, in his dread magnificence,
What Samiel blasts, like hopeless indolence?

And man, when active most, and govern'd best,
Hath ills enough, insatiate to molest
His fragile peace—some strong in evil will,
But weak in act; and others arm'd to kill,
Or swift to wound:—Revenge, with venomous eyes;
Distrust, beneath whose frown affection dies;
Scorn, reptile Scorn, that hates the eagle's wing;
Mean Envy's grubs, that stink, and long to sting;
Mischance, Disease, Detraction's coward dart,
And the long silence of the broken heart;
Nor only these. Tradition is the sigh
Of one who hath no hope; and history
Bears, like a river deep, tumultuous, wide,
Gloom, guilt, and woe, on his eternal tide.
Nor need we read of regal wrath and hate,
Troy lost by Love and army-scatt'ring Fate.
The humblest hamlet's annals wake a sigh;
And could yon cot, hoar with antiquity,
Relate what deeds within it have been done,
What hopeless suffering there hath cursed the sun,
The tale might draw down Pride's parch'd cheek severe,
From Power's hard eye, e'en Pluto's iron tear.

NOTES.

(b) *Nor live, like sad Miranda, to deplore.*

" Charlevoix tells an affecting story of the fate of the garrison of the fort Santi Spiritûs, which though it has the air of romance, is not incredible. Mangora, prince of the Timbuez (an Indian nation in the neighbourhood of the fort,) becoming enamoured of Lucy Miranda, a Spanish lady, the wife of Sebastian Hurtado (one of the principal officers of the fort), in order to obtain possession of her, laid a plot for the destruction of the garrison. Taking advantage of the absence of Hurtado, who was detached with another officer, named Ruiz Moschera, and fifty soldiers, to collect provisions, he placed four thousand men in a marsh, and went with thirty others, loaded with refreshments, to the gates of the fort, which were readily opened for their admittance. Lara, the Spanish governor, in token of gratitude, gave them an entertainment ; at the close of which, late at night, Mangora giving directions to his attendants to set fire to the magazines of the fort, the four thousand men, at this preconcerted signal, rushed into the massacre. Most of the Spaniards were killed in their sleep. Lara, though wounded, espying the treacherous prince, made up to him, and ran him through the body, but was intercepted in his flight, and killed. Not a living

person was now left in the fort except Miranda, four other women, and as many children, all of whom were tied, and brought before Siripa, the brother and successor of Mangora. At the sight of Miranda, he conceived for her the same passion which had proved fatal to his brother. On the return of Hurtado, Siripa ordered him to be tied to a tree, and there shot to death with arrows. Miranda, throwing herself at the feet of the tyrant, by her suppliant charms procured her husband's release. The Indian indulged them in a restricted intercourse; but the boundaries being passed, he instantly condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the torturing death which he had but lately escaped."—*Holmes.*

(c) *When Cook, a sailor's boy, with aching eye,*
Gazed from the deep on oft-climb'd Roseberry.

Roseberry-Topping is a mountain near Stockesley in Yorkshire, from the summit of which there is a fine view over Cleveland, of Stockesley, Yarm, Stockton, Darlington, Hartlepool, the Tees, and the Ocean. It is a noted sea-mark.

(d) *Where Waller's Angel cheer'd him in the tomb—*

"I have been," says Sir William Waller, "in prison frequent. After above three years' imprisonment, and thus changed, as it were, from vessel to vessel, it pleased the Lord to restore me to my poor family. And here let me call to mind how much reason I had to be thankful for the great comfort experienced in the dear partner of my captivity. She came to me disguised in mean apparel, when I had groaned in my bonds seven months, thinking

it the duty of a wife to risk all things for the satisfaction of her husband. Much difficulty had she in coming, and was frequently on the brink of being discovered ; but at length over mountains and unknown roads, sometimes with a guide, and sometimes with none, she arrived at my prison ; and she seemed when she discovered herself to me, to be like the angel who appeared unto Saint Peter in like circumstances. She did not indeed bid my prison gates fly open, but, by her sweet converse and behaviour, she made those things seem light which were before heavy and scarce to be borne."—*Recollections of Sir William Waller, at the end of the poetry of Anna Matilda*, 12*mo*. 1788.

(e) *When Fanshawe sought, by Cromwell's sword compell'd—*

" On the 2nd September, 1651, was fought the battle of Worcester, when the king being missing, and I hearing nothing of your father being dead or alive, for three days, it is inexpressible in what affliction I was. I neither ate nor slept, but trembled at every motion I heard, expecting the fatal news, which at last came, that your father was a prisoner."

* * * * *

" Orders came to carry my husband to Whitehall, where, in a little room, he was kept prisoner without speech of any, and in expectation of death ; and at last he grew so ill, by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him to death's door. During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not, constantly when the clock struck four in the morning, to go with a dark lanthorn in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery

lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, by the entry that went out of King-street into the Bowling-green. There I would go under the window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never failed to come at the first call. Thus we talked together ; and sometimes I was so wet, that the rain went in at my neck, and out at my heels."

* * * * *

" In March we went with our three children into Yorkshire. There my husband translated the Lusiad of Camoens. We lived a harmless country life, and our house and park of Tankersley are very pleasant and good."

* * * * *

" At Wallingford House the office was kept, at which they gave passes for going abroad. In order to follow my husband, I went there to get one, dressed in as plain a way and speech as I could devise, (leaving my maid at the gate, who was a much finer gentlewoman than myself.) With as ill a mien and tone as I could, I told a fellow that I found in the office that I desired a pass for Paris, to go to my husband. Woman, says he, what is you husband, and what is your name ? Sir, said I, with many curtsies, he is a merchant, and his name is Harrison. Well replied he, it will cost you a crown. That is a large sum for me, said I ; but pray put in my man, my maid, and three children ; all which he immediately did, telling me that a Malignant would give him five pound for such a pass. I thanked him kindly, and went away to my lodgings, where with a pen, I made the great H into FF, the two R's into W, the I into S, the H and O into A, and the N. into W, so completely, that no one could find out the change. With all speed I hired a barge, and that night, at six o'clock, I was at Gravesend ; where the searcher came,

who knowing me, demanded my pass, which they were obliged to keep for their discharge."

* * * * *

"On the 15th June, 1666, my husband was taken sick with a disorder like unto an ague, but it turned out to be a malignant inward fever, of which he lay until the 26th of the same month."——"O all powerful Lord God! look down from Heaven upon me, the most distressed wretch upon earth! See my soul divided, my glory and my guide taken from me, and in him all my comfort in this life! Have pity upon me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, which, without thy support, cannot sustain itself! Behold me, O Lord, with five children, a distressed family, without friends, without counsel, out of my own own country, without any means of returning with my wretched family to my own country, now at war with most parts of Christendon!"—*MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe.*

(f) *Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair.*

This great painter was bound apprentice to an engraver of arms and silver plate, in 1698. It was not until 1720 that he was enabled to set up in business for himself; and his first employment was to engrave coats of arms and shop-bills.

(g) *Oh, yet I seem to hear one whirlwind past.*

The French Revolution.

(h) *And one, of scarcely human grandeur, bore*
World-shaking thunder on his sightless wing;—

Napoleon, who, when these lines were written, was a prisoner at St. Helena.

DEDICATION.

A tale of tears I dedicate
To him—the wise, the good, the great,—
Who wrote, while raged the factious storm,
Our Bill of long-delay'd Reform.
Oh, if my song, when I am dust,
May hope to please the meek and just,
Whoe'er thou art that lov'st true fame,
From this page tear not LAMBTON'S name.

THE LETTER.

WHERE is the youth, for deeds immortal born, (1)
Who loved to whisper to th' embattled corn,
And cluster'd woodbines, breathing o'er the stream,
Endymion's beauteous passion for a dream?
Why did he drop the harp from fingers cold,
And sleep so soon with demi-gods of old?
Oh, who so well could sing Love's joys and pains?
He lived in melody, as if his veins
Pour'd music: from his lips came words of fire,
The voice of Greece, the tones of Homer's lyre.
But me no guide, through academic shade,
Led to the cell where glory's spoils are laid;
And shall my hand, for joyous task unmeet,
Presume, O Love! to scatter at thy feet,
Instead of roses—nightshade, and instead
Of fragrance—chaplets gather'd from the dead?

Self-taught and ill, my notes uncouth I try,
And chant my rugged English ruggedly,
To gloomy themes. Yet, sick with hope deferr'd,
I hear a voice, though mournful, proudly heard;
And I have planted on my destined tomb
A pensive tree, that bends in storm and gloom,
Unseen, unknown. Oh, when shall it repair,
In lonely moonlight, beautiful and sweet,
The weeping bough? and flourish green and fair,
Where slighted maidens mourn, and ghosts of lovers meet?

Wild as the chainless air, or bird that wings
The blue above the clouds, and soaring sings
Blythe welcome to the dewy, fragrant morn,
Young Anna dwelt with health, the mountain-born,
Where, murmuring with the moorland bee, the Dearn
Leaps from his well, through heath and plumy fern,
Till, pleased with richer blossoms in the vale,
He checks his wave, and hears the milkmaid's tale.
There, light of heart, nor lonely, nor unseen,
She walk'd and sung, and talk'd and laugh'd between,
Paying, in raptures from her guileless breast,
The soul-felt tribute which pleased Heav'n likes best;

Or paused, on broomy banks to sit or kneel,
While hedge-side bluebells died beneath her heel.
Her brow, where gentlest beauty held high state,
Was vein-inlaid with azure, delicate
As tenderest leaf of shaded columbine
That bends beneath the love-sick eglantine;
And, oh, she was the meekest maid of all
That ever stoop'd o'er alpine waterfall,
Or look'd up to the hills from valleys sweet,
Like Nature's primrose, dropp'd at Bretland's feet.
She lov'd, with virgin-love, a stately swain:
Unhappy passion! though Charles loved again.
Fresh was his cheek, as evening's flowers, that furl'd
Their banners in the sun; his locks outcurl'd
The finger'd hyacinth, outshone the down
On youngest morning's cheek, when, newly blown,
The maiden violet meekly views the south,
While the rich wallflower, in its early growth,
Prepares deep amber, for th' expecting eye
That sees in fading flowers eternity.
She wedded, high in hope and passion strong;
Unhappy marriage! for Charles loved not long;
And, at the altar, dark she stood in light;
Heav'n's swift fire there bereft her eyes of sight.
E'en as she turn'd, preparing to withdraw,

Burst flash and crash, in overwhelming awe;
And pale she stood, with sightless eyes uprais'd;
And pale the bridegroom wax'd, as mute he gaz'd;
And from the holy temple, sadly led,
A mourning bride she mov'd, with languish'd head,
To weep, benighted. The moon's gentle ray
Shone not to her, and, unperceived, the day
Died into darkness. But, with Love's soft speech,
And tones that knew the answering heart to reach,
Charles fondly strove her sorrow to beguile,
And drooping blindness slowly learn'd to smile.
Time eased her bosom of its hopeless sighs,
Till joy, at length, revisited her eyes;
But they, doom'd ever 'objectless to roll,'
Could bring no more the blue hills to the soul,
Or, with night's shadows, bid all gloom depart,
And paint life's morning faces on the heart.
Sad, then, it was, to see a form so fair,
In tears resign'd, though dark not in despair.
Still on his bosom she could lean and weep,
And feign a dream of eyelids closed in sleep;
Still, when with him she walk'd, at eve or morn,
She could inhale the odours of the thorn;
And while she hung so helpless on his arm,
Dependance gave his words a double charm:
They fell like dew o'er violets on her ear,
Or like offended Love's forgiving tear

On man's warm breast. Yet, by the plaining rill,
The thought would rise, that flowers on every hill,
Were beautiful to every eye, but hers;
That broom and hawthorn and the armed furze
Bloom'd, vainly fair, beneath the sapphire sky.
Still wav'd the birch in memory's happy eye;
Yet, made by vain regret more sadly sweet,
The hours return'd, when oft, with naked feet
And bare plung'd arm, the trout or loach she took,
Where stones upturn'd perturb'd the shallow brook;
Or, 'mid her sister Naiads of the dale,
Held forth the lizard by his golden tail,
In childish wonder; and an envious pang
Assail'd her weakness, if the echoes rang
With holiday proclaim'd in joyous cries,
And little boys and girls, with upturn'd eyes,
Came whispering round her. But that selfish pain
Humbled its victim; soon she sought again
For joy in sorrow. True she could not see
The wingless squirrel frisk from tree to tree,
The wren from twig to twig; but she could hear
The tartar cuckoo chase his vernal year,
The pewit wail, the starting redbreast sing,

And ev'n the flutter of the warbler's wing,
When the bough bent beneath his sudden flight;
Though blind, not lonely in her changeless night.
Then would she chide sad thoughts; and o'er her cheek
A smile would steal, so gentle and so meek,
And her blue orbs, though rolling sightless gleam'd
With such mild splendour, that, almost, she seem'd
In love with darkness, like the insect things
That hide the gorgeous ruby of their wings
In emerald gloom, beneath the greenwood tree,
And sleep, shade-loving hyacinth, with thee!
Yet would she tremble in her fearful joy,
As wan flowers droop when April frosts annoy.
She felt a sad foreboding in her heart,
A dread, that, oft dismiss'd, would not depart.
Blind and beloved, she smiled through tears, resigned;
But, ah! she fear'd to be despised and blind,—
Yet scarce knew why! Alas, her fears were true!
Soon scorn'd, she droop'd—oh, say not hated, too!
How oft doth Baseness to his victim say,
'Why should the wretch receive, who cannot pay?'
Ne'er had Ingratitude his plea to seek,
And cowards love to trample on the week;

And still the helpless, when most aid they need,
Die of neglect, (sad ill!) and slowly bleed,
By drop and drop, in silent lone distress,
Till the heart swoons into forgetfulness!
More seldom, day by day, Charles sooth'd her woe;
He came, she dared not own, in haste to go;
But she would sigh, and, with suspended breath,
Hear tones that were to her a dirge of death;
Then, while they struck her heart and soul with blight,
Try to believe she had not heard aright.
Few were his questions, harsh were his replies,
And deeply in his heart he cursed her sighs,
And called his guilt misfortune. She became
A thing unmark'd, though seen o'erlook'd: her name
Ceased to be heard—she vanish'd. Who enquired
If she were dead or living? Undesired
Came such enquiries; and one answer brief
Met them, half-utter'd. Hopeless in her grief,
She sate in some dark corner, lone; and there
With restless lips, she mutter'd ceaseless pray'r,
Or sigh'd, unheard, "What will become of me?"
But menial wrath, with vile indignity
And vulgar curses on her helpless head,
Soon drove her to her unpartaken bed,

Through the long night of nights and days to
weep,
Or start from slumbrous dreams, but not to sleep
Yet was her trust in God unshaken still,
And she endured, with meek-submitted will,
Her heavy sorrows; nor of that worst pain,
Love unrequited, did she once complain.
Poor, sightless, trampled worm! for him she
pray'd
Who bade her droop, with none to soothe or aid
Her broken heart, already, quite forgave
Him whose stern coldness had prepared her grave
And Charles, by dying Anna unreproved,
When most unworthy, seem'd the most beloved
He, heartless wretch, and weak as base, made
haste
Her bridal portion and his wealth to waste,
And sullenly, when all was gone, assumed
Th' equestrian sword, and helmet sable-plumed
Strong blew the gale that o'er the heaving main
Bore him to glory and embattled Spain;
Where seldom thought he, 'mid conflicting arms
Of hapless Anna's sad, deserted charms.
She to that house where want is fed by scorn,
Too weak to walk, by hireling hands was borne
And there she found, with pain her couch to tend
A home, like that she left, without a friend.
There, hourly dying, she forgot her woe,

And smiled, with cheek of fire and lip of snow,
On visions of the past. They, sad no more,
Sooth'd her lone heart. Seem'd lovelier than of yore
Her buried joys; and memory loved to gaze
On their pale sleep. She thought of other days,
When, with her Charles, (for still she call'd him her's)
By Broad-Oak's ice-cold rill, or Gunthwaite's firs,
Through Cawthorne's bowers, or High-bridge wood she stray'd,
Lost in her love, a happy, trusting maid,
Where—while the jay, with freedom's pinion, shook
The bind-weeds' blush-ting'd bells into the brook—
Thrush answering thrush, piped sweet in fountain'd dell,
And she could see the birds that sung so well.
Meantime, dire fields were fought, and tidings came
That the scathed eagle fled on wings of shame:
Fight follow'd fight; she listened fearfully
To every tale of death and victory,
And oft and oft, all wan, she ask'd who fell,
Dreading to hear a name beloved too well.
Murmurs at length, then voices reach'd her bed;
There was a letter from her Charles, they said.

For the last time, like one risen from the tomb,
She raised her feeble form: a transient bloom
Flush'd her fall'n cheek: with intermitting breath
She bent toward the messengers of death,
As shipwreck'd seamen listen tow'rds the land.
She held, stretch d forth, her agitated hand,
Expecting, not believing, propp'd in bed
On one lean arm, but less in hope than dread;
With feeble shriek, she fell, and tried to rise:
And strain'd the letter to her sightless eyes,
And kiss'd it o'er and o'er. But when she hear
The written words, she lay like death, nor stirr'
Grey tress, or wasted limb. "He told of flock
With fleeces fine, and goatherds of the rocks,
And Spain's fandango, and the soft guitar,
That sounds o'er treeless wastes to love's brigh star,
Calling the hind when day's warm task is done
To meet the dark-eyed daughters of the sun.
He told of bayonets blood-incarnadin'd,
Of distant battles booming on the wind,
Of foodless marches, and the all-day fight,
And horrid rest among the dead at night.
Last named he servile servants of base ends,
But call'd by him his dear and absent friends;
For they had pamper'd oft his mind diseased,
Fed on his riot, and with poison pleased.

And was this all? was there no postscript?—
No:
Named he not that dark flower inscribed with
woe?
Stern manhood, break thy sword, and blush for
shame;
He did not even write his Anna's name!
With harrow'd heart that could be still and
bleed,
She listen'd when the reader ceased to read.
In silent strength grief tore her soul's deep cords:
Oh, what had wrongs like her's to do with words?
And all who saw her wept at what they saw,
While shook convulsively her under-jaw; (k)
But when that quivering jaw was fix'd, she slept,
Serenely pale, while all around her wept.
She slept—she sleeps: but light shall yet arise,
Th' eternal day-spring, on her sightless eyes;
And Mercy yet may purify with pain
That wretch beloved, and bid them meet again!
He, when the trump of war had blown its last,
Sigh'd and look'd back, repentant, on the past.
In pale inaction, languid, he declined,
And with the body sympathised the mind.
Long-slumbering feeling waked, and waked to
woe,
Stung by remorse, the never-flattering foe,
That triump'd o'er his maim'd and toil-worn
frame,

As o'er the storm-struck ash the conquering flame.
He thought of Anna—and his tears ran o'er;
He thought of home, resolved to sin no more.
So the poor Hebrew, long content to roam,
The homeless wanderer, seeks at last a home;
Quits the tall bark, and treads the hallow'd strand,
His aged consort leaning on his hand,
Sedately glad, though tears bedim his eye,
To lay his bones where Abraham's ashes lie.
He climb'd the homeward ship, and blamed the wind,
And blamed the waves, that seem'd to lag behind
The bounding stern; till England, like a cloud,
Dawn'd on the sight, where Heaven to ocean bow'd.
He leap'd to land; and, wing'd o'er Snowgate's fern,
Beheld again the valley of the Dearn,
Cragg'd Hartley's broom, and Breton's shades below,
And Clayton's cottage-smoke ascending slow.
Down, down he hastened, pleased almost to pain,
And felt as if become a boy again.
Then fled the dream. Beside her cottage door,
Remember'd well for pranks play'd there of yore,
He met a woman, lame and bent, whose breast
Had pillow'd Anna's infant cares to rest;

One who had taught him many a childish game.
But when he paused, and ask'd that aged dame,
In tones that told the sudden dread he felt,
Not if his Anna lived, but where she dwelt,
Back shrank the crone, as from a thing abhorred;
Then slowly forth she drew, without a word,
The brooch which, erst, his ill-starr'd Anna wore,
And, with a look that pierced him to the core,
Placed in his hand (and turn'd abrupt away)
A lock of faded hair, too early grey!

NOTES.

(i) *Where is the youth for deeds immortal born?*

John Keats, author of Endymion, who died at Rome, aged 25.

(k) *While shook, convulsively, her under-jaw.*

The involuntary motion of the under-jaw is said to be the last expression of human agony. When the feelings are too painful for utterance—when torture is too exquisite to be endured, the under-jaw quivers for a moment—and all is still. This representation I may be told, by the admirers of common-place, is unfit for the purposes of poetry How can they know that, if, to them, poetry itself does not exist? To represent the extreme of mental agony by its most expressive effect, can never be unpoetical. Most certainly such vulgarities are not to be found in genteel poetics. But if unsophisticated nature is no longer to be endured, why not obtain at once a law for the appointment of a sort of literary castrator, or, Parnassian Malthus, who may prevent, by an effectual operation (whenever poverty and merit are identical,) the procreation of plebeian genius? Pedantic insignificance would then no longer be laughed to scorn by cobbler-poets and inspired ploughmen.

To the Man of Sheffield, and our hearts—
THOMAS ASLINE WARD, Esquire—
I inscribe this Poem.

THEY MET AGAIN

INTRODUCTION.

SAD Laura ! dost thou mourn with me
The year's autumnal spring ?
Sigh'st thou, this second wreath to see
Of woodbines blossoming ?
So late, so pale, with scentless breath,—
Like lingering Hope, that smiles in death,
And, e'en when life is o'er,
Leaves on Misfortune's ice-cold face,
The sweetness of its last embrace,
To fade, and be no more?
Lo, June's divested primrose sports
A silken coif again ;
And, like late-smiling sickness, courts
The coy morn, but in vain !
Lo, half the elm's rich robe is gone !
The ash, a living skeleton,
Deplores his yellow hair !
Yet while the maple bows her head
In mournful honours fair ;
And, while the beech leaf rustles red,

Methinks the armed gorse appears
More golden, than when May
Left April dying in her tears
Beneath the plumy spray;
And, for her lover's triumph won,
Danced with her blue-bell anklets on,
And bless'd his burning eye.
Then Laura, come! and hear the thrush,
O'er Autumn's gorse, from budding bush,
Pour vernal melody!
Come! and beneath the fresh green leaf
That mocks the aged year,
Thy bard, who loves the joy of grief,
Shall weave a chaplet here;
Not pluck'd from Summer's wither'd bowers,
Not form'd of Autumn's hopeless flowers—
Yet sad and wan as they:
Here, still some flowers of Eden blow;
But deadly pale and stain'd with woe,
Like guilt, they shun the day.
While Folly treads beneath his feet
The daisy of the vale;
Love's rose, though sick at heart, is sweet,
Joy's leaf is fair, though pale.
And worth admires, resign'd and meek,
The tear-drop on the violet's cheek,
And Hope shall death survive;
But like the gorse, all thorns and gold,

Pride bids the sickening sun behold
How blushing virtues thrive!

Oft, Laura, have we seen (while dewy Spring
Bent to the stockdove's plaintive murmuring
O'er shaded flowers) the lone, wild apple-tree,
With every bough carnation'd pallidly,
In some bright glade, exposed to morning's breeze,
Some verdant isle, amid a sea of trees.
It seem'd to live on Heaven's own sweets, and call
The wanton winds to kiss its blossoms all.
But soon, like dewdrops in the brightening sun,
Its fragrant soul exhaled; soon, one by one,
Its petals, faded into whiteness, died;
And, sweet in ruin, lay on Canklow's side
The snow of June. And thus, when Time began
His deedful race, the young enthusiast, man,
In first intensest passion bless'd, could see
Where all was beauty, nought so fair as he;
But from his cheek sin chased th' Elysian glow,
And turn'd the brightest hues of love to woe.
Oh, Sin! what havoc hast thou wrought on earth!
To what abortions has thy womb giv'n birth!
When first thy victim, man, conversed with pain,
Love's purest spirit soared to God again,
And murmurs issued from the bowers of bliss;
But when thy treachery poison'd in a kiss

Hell raised his hands, and mock'd the throne
sublime;
Hell scarce believed th' unutterable crime;
Heav'ns brightness faded; and with sadden'd eye,
The blushing angels sigh'd,—'Adultery!'
In yonder glen, beneath the aspin lone,
A matron sleeps, without memorial stone;
And children trip unconscious o'er her grave,
Where, through the long grass, steals the lucid
wave.
When earth was dark with fear, and lost and seen,
The high moon glanced the hurried clouds
between,
Like some blood-guilty wretch, who self-exiled,
Wakes in the dead of night with anguish wild,
And, o'er the tree-tops waving to and fro,
Looks on the hopeless sea that moans below;
Then stole she from her faithless husband's side,
Sought Don's dark margin, sobb'd a prayer, and
died.
He waked not, though a hand unearthly drew
The curtains of his bed, and to the hue
Of ashes changed his cheek. With open eyes
He slumber'd still; but speechless agonies
Wrought on his face convulsed his heart's despair,
And terror smote his damp, uplifted hair.
His spirit felt a spirit's strong controul,
An injured spirit whisper'd to his soul;

'No worm slinks down when I approach,
No night-bird stints his ditty;
Yet will I mourn thee, though unheard,
For now my love is pity.
Again I'll hear thee talk of truth,
When Rother's rose is sweetest;
Again I'll meet thee, perjured one,
When thou thy new love meetest.
While stars in silence watch my dust,
I'll sigh, where last ye parted,
O'er her who soon shall droop, like me,
Thy victim, broken-hearted.
And in that hour, to love so dear,
The stillest and the fleetest,
Unfelt I'll kiss my rival's cheek,
When Rother's rose is sweetest.'

Oh thou, whose wings o'er-arch the flood of years,
That rolling, stain'd with crimes and mix'd with tears,
Whelms in his gulfs each unimmortal form;
Spirit of brightness, proud to span the storm!
Thy word, O Love, bade light and beauty be,
And Chaos had no form, till touch'd by thee!
Though call'd of old the god of serpent wiles,
Thou source of sweetest, bitterest tears and smiles!
Thy voice endears to man the humblest home;

Fair is the desert, if with love we roam.
Where barks the fox, by golden broom o'erhung,
Where coos the fern-fowl o'er her cowering young,
Thee gloomiest rocks acclaim, with greeting stern,
To thee the uplands bow their feathery fern:
Shaking the dewdrop from his raptured wings,
The waking thrush salutes his mate, and sings:
With amorous lays the glad lark climbs the sky,
And Heaven to earth pours down his melody.
But in thy name when erring mortals sin,
A plague, a cancer, blackens all within,
Till life groans loud his hopeless load beneath,
And the soul darkens into worse than death.
Then Love's meek question meets with no reply,
Save the fierce glance in hatred's sullen eye:
Sad is the day, and sleepless is the night,
And the rose poisons like the aconite.
Earth's verdant mantle is become a shroud;
Sweet Eden's blushes vanish from the cloud;
The rural walk, that pleased when life was new,
Where pendant woodbines grow, as erst they grew,
Can please no more; the mountain air is dead;
And Nature is a book no longer read.
Suspicion, scorn, contention, treachery come,
And all the fiends that make a hell of home.
Sold to the Furies, ever glad to buy,
Perchance lost man makes haste to kill and die,
Uplifts th' assassin's dagger, and lays low

His idol once adored, though hated now.
Then Horror's harpy hand, and gorgon scowl,
Rend the distracted tresses of his soul.
He hears sad voices in the silent air;
'Heaven seems a marble roof, that spurns his prayer.'
Oh, for oblivion, he would barter Heav'n!
And self-forgotten need he be forgiven?
In thought he sees the midnight stake, the tomb
Delved by the highway-side, in starless gloom,
And the swift bullet flash'd into the brain;
Or robed Justice and her awful train,
The fetter'd limb—the dungeon's agonies,
The scaffold—and the thousand thousand eyes,
All fix'd on him, whose head despair hath bow'd,
Whose heart is all alone in all that crowd;
And like a hooted traitor, wild with fears,
Who sheds from eyeless sockets blood for tears,
While, raining curses on his guilty head,
The rabble hail him to his death of dread;
Chain'd through the soul, he moves, in anguish blind,
And drags remembrance and remorse behind.
Sad as the marble forms on frailty's tomb,
The few surviving flowers of Eden bloom;
And must the serpent, Falsehood, hide beneath
Their petals dim, the fang whose touch is death?
Hence to the fiends, thou glistering, fatal Asp!
By the long transport of thy parting clasp,

Then most adored, when falsest fear'd or found,
By thy dear coils around the true heart wound,
By suffering weakness, punish'd for thy guilt,
By all the blood which thou hast damn'd or spilt,
And by thy victims, who implore thy stay,
False Asp, that poisonest Love, away—away!
Hence, serpent, to the fiends! or darkling, rave
In Bothwell's form, o'er Mary Stuart's grave!
Shed o'er her dust thy tears of blood and fire,
And in repentant agonies, expire!
So shall distrust from Love's elysium fly,
So, the worst fever of the soul shall die,
With all the woes that Herod's ghost could tell,
And Mariamne—lov'd, alas! too well!
But doom'd with Time to perish, yet shalt thou
Wrinkle with many a snaky fold, his brow.
Though from his snowy pinions, never dry,
He hourly shakes the tears of poesy,
While woe shall weep, his wings are shook in vain,
And every plume must wear its pearl of pain.
To bards unborn thy deeds shall furnish themes
More sad than death, more dire than murder's dreams.

No fancied Muse do I invoke to aid
The song that tells of trusting truth betray'd;
Be thou, my Muse, thou darkest name of woe,
Thou saddest of realties below,
Love!—But I call'd not thee, thou Boy of guile,

Cruel, though fair, that joy'st to sting and smile!
Sly urchin, wing'd and armed, too like the bee,
And tressed with living gold—I call'd not thee!
But thee, sweet profligate, who gavest all,
Peace, earth, and Heav'n, for poison'd fire and gall!
Thee, thee, thou weeping Magdalene, I call!
Alas! o'er thee hath rush'd th' avenging blast;
Through thee the arrows of the grave have pass'd!
Avaunt! thou palest daughter of Despair!
If thou art Love, what form doth horror wear?
Yet stay; I know thee: in thy faded eye
The light of beauty lingers—soon to die:
Known by the worm that feedeth on the heart,
Stay, guilty Magdalene! we must not part
Till I have told this saddest tale of thine,
And steeped in tears each slow, complaining line.
For what is sinful passion, but the lamp
That gilds the vapours of a dungeon damp,
And cheers the gloom awhile, with fatal light,
Only to leave at last a deeper night,
And make the darkness horror? Yet for this,
This shadowy glimmering of a troubled bliss,
Insensate man, peace, joy, and hope foregoes;
Reckless, he plunges into cureless woes,
Buys fleeting pleasure with enduring pain,
And, drunk with poison, weeps to drink again.

THEY MET AGAIN.

BOOK II.

How, in this wild night, fares the malcontent?
Beneath what pine, by bolt and whirlwind rent,
Seeks he to shelter his devoted form?
Or, on what rock does he contemn the storm,
And shrink from human faces? Cromwell dead,
And Charles restored, to northern isles he fled,
And vainly hoped, (a cavern'd wolf) to dwell,
Where reigns the monarch eagle o'er the dell,
In hideous safety. But the billows wide
Yearn to divulge the restless wretch they hide;
And ocean doth but mock him with the roar
Of waves cast high between him and the shore
Of verdant England. Wander where he will,
Proclaimed a traitor, dogg'd and hunted still,
Swift comes the end, a struggle and a groan,
Death by the hangman's hand, or by his own.

There is a cavern midway in the rock
That bears, unmoved, the wave's eternal shock

'Tis called the Pirate's den; gigantic stones
Hide the dark entrance; and above them groans,
In every blast, a time-defying-tree,
Twin-brother of the crag—Sublimity,
Lean'd on his arm, beneath it sits and sees
The bay of shipwreck, where the woful breeze
Murmurs prophetic of the seaman's knell,
And screams the petrel o'er the hollow swell.
Full many a shrub, sequestered, blooms around;
The cluster'd Loveage decks the rugged ground;
And o'er the rustic carpet, wrought in flowers,
The Osprey's wing a snow of blossoms showers.
It is a scene so lonely and so fair,
The winds, enamour'd love to loiter there,
Stoop to salute the sea-pink, as they pass,
And coldly kiss the ever-waving grass.
The roof within, Cathedral-like, ascends
Sublimely arch'd and vaulted high, and bends
O'er pillars vast its sparry curtains grand,
Whose gems unnumber'd shine on every hand
Bright as the plumage of a seraph's wing:
Behold a palace meet for ocean's king!
But he who lies in troubled sleep beside
The central fire that casts its radiance wide,
Making with darkness and reflected light
A starry roof, and imitated night,
Most awful in its grandeur—What is he?
What slumbering wretch, escaped the stormy sea,

Who, when his comrades sank to rise no more,
Sent his wild laugh th' affrighted billows o'er?
What mortal slave of sorrow, love, or hate,
Cast on the strand alive to execrate
The storm that was not fatal, and the wave
That did not make the howling foam his grave?
'Tis Moreland, passion's victim from his birth,
Who like the murderer Cain, hath roam'd the earth.
He, self-deceived, deems man a dungeon'd slave,
While Fate, the gaoler, hears the captive rave;
Smiling to see him roll his eyes in vain,
And grind his teeth, and shake th' insulting chain;
And writhe in fury, like a self-stung snake,
And stamp upon his tombstone but to wake
The echoes of his prison-house of woe.
Victim of passion! hast thou found it so?
Evil must come of evil; and, too late,
Thou call'st the fruit of crime and folly, 'Fate.'
Sleep, but not rest! Lo, o'er his features spread
An earthly darkness grows; and pallid dread
Smites every lock and every limb amain.
His bristling hair is damp with fear and pain;
And while, without, the deepening thunders roll,
He seems to hear the tempest in his soul.
O God! tis dreadful. Nature's self doth quake
As though her final hour were come; and shake

E'en like the felon, whom th' offended laws
Have doom'd to die. And now the soundless pause
Locks the suspended soul in icy fear,
While Conscience whispers, 'God thy hand is here!'
Again the billows are conflicting light:
The evil Angels have a dance to-night,
That shakes the centre! O'er the booming bay
Again the sound, re-echoing dies away;
And still that sleeper trembles! In his dreams
Sees he the flaming storm that wildly gleams
O'er ocean's wildness? Wretch! no common woe
Hath stamped the curse of Cain upon thy brow.
Hark!—in those horrid accents shriek'd Despair!
He rises:—hath the lightning singed his hair?
Lo, from the ground he leaps in pale surprise,
And veils, with lifted hands, his dazzled eyes;
And now he starts to find himself alone!
The hideous phantoms of his sleep are gone:
In low and interrupted words he speaks
His troubled thoughts; and to the wave that breaks,
Heard in the pauses of the storm below,
Mutters his guilt and recollected woe.

"Again I am alone. Long have I been
Alone in crowds, and alien to the scene
Where the world's bustling minions shoulder'd me,

Outliving joy and hope itself, to be
My own tormentor; and in vain to curse
The heart's blank solitude, a hell far worse,
Than that which bigots fear. I have endured,
I still endure—though not in hope; immured
In dark reflection, scowling on the past,
Fearing the future: and if man is cast
Like a frail weed upon the waters wide,
Rising and falling with the faithless tide,
Life is endurance. Best is he who sinks,
And sinks at once. The humble floweret shrinks,
And dies uprooted when the gloomy hour
Holds converse with the storm. But, cursed with power,
Th' etersial pine, coeval with his rocks,
In gloomy stateliness triumphant, mocks
Heaven's baffled wing; yet stands, with tresses rent,
Tremendous, undesired, a monument
Of vengeance. O'er calamity and crime,
O'er feeling victor, I arose sublime
And tranquil, though terrific. Now I roam
Where pirates lurk, making the sea-birds' home
My alpine fortress, and the blast my page.
To me the deep pays tribute in his rage.
Me, on his rocks impregnable, the Hern
Beholds in dread amaze; and from the fern
Looks forth th' astonished fox with fading eyes,

Yells o'er the cliffs, and, wing'd with terror, flies.
"Yet courage here avails, and every where,
And all things may be vanquished, but despair;
For, though 'tis vain to fly from certain doom,
There is a power which cannot be o'ercome
The dreadless heart that *will* not. Black and vast
Let Vengeance ride upon the rabid blast;
Let the storm smite his hands together; loud
The fiery bolt may thunder from the cloud—
'But not for ever!' Hope exclaims to Fear:
'When night's cold cheek is coldest, morn is near:
'Beneath her heavy wind and pelting rain,
'Low droops the flower that yet shall smile again;
'And while the coward trembles in dismay,
'The brave look eastward, and behold 'tis day!'
"But I shall hear Hope's angel voice no more:
Sternly I bear, as valour ever bore,
The evil that admits no cure; and scorn
All-shunned complaint. Hope saw Duration born,
And never should desert him till he dies;
But, falsely called the wretches' friend, she flies
When man is doom'd with cureless ills to cope;
All *but* the wretched have a friend in Hope.
Yet while she smiles on Nature's common woe,
And plants the storm with flowers that sometimes blow,
Why should I rave, though here they will not grow?

Alike averse to murmur and to weep,
Still in despite of thunder, I can sleep,
Though rest is for the happy. Come what may,
The past is past, nor will the future stay,
Though man, or fiend, or god obstruct her way.
"I wore my youth in dreams on Pleasure's breast;
My sleep was sinful, and I woke unbless'd:
Most wretched, and deserving so to be.
I darkly suffer, but not sullenly.
I have rejoiced and sorrowed; I have proved
Th' extremes of fate, 'have loved, and been beloved.'
What fallen angel not without a tear,
And piteous wafture of that hand most dear,
And frantic locks, and looks where love yet lives,
Smiles on my soul, and pities and forgives,
Even while she mourns the hour when first she fell
To guilt and shame? I know thee, wrong'd one, well.
Cursed be the tongue that utters ill of thee!
I found thee fond as fair: and I will be
Still faithful to thy memory, and disdain
The lying penitence of fear and pain.
Ye woodbine bowers, where oft with throbbing heart
We met in ecstacy, in tears to part!
Oh, woods of Darnal! ye no more shall see
The matron tall who loved your shades for me;

Love-listening Rother, thou wilt hear no more
Her guilty whisper on thy silent shore!
As when she trembled, hung her head and wept,
Sweet as the flower on which the moon-beam slept,
Wan as the snow-white rose in Catliffe's vale,
But not, like it, in stainless meekness pale.
Scenes of my youth! 'tis sadly sweet to look
Back on your paths, and read, as in a book,
Where painting's magic brings the past to view,
A witching story, mournful and too true;
A tale of other times, when life was young,
And passion's heavenly harp was newly strung.
"Yet deeds on memory's faithful tablet live
Which man cannot forget, nor God forgive.
Still to my soul returns the hour deplored
When I became a traitor, fear'd, abhorr'd,
And fiercely fought, and fought against the throne,
By gloomy, envious malice urged alone.
No love of freedom fired my stormy breast:
I deem'd the patriot half a fool at best.
I scorn'd his shallow hope, his honest zeal,
I mock'd the virtues which I could not feel.
No sacred ardour sanctified the deed,
And nerved my arm to make a tyrant bleed;
But a base lust to trample on the great,
A fiendish instinct, a demoniac hate.

Whence was that sound? It came not from
below;
There none but wanderers of the waves can go:
Hush!—many voices hath the stormy sea.
I tremble—do I tremble causelessly?
Death, I have heard thy shout, and seen thy
frown,
When stooping Slaughter mowed his thousands
down;
And I have couch'd beside the sever'd limb
When Horror call'd on night to cover him,
And thou wast dreadful then. But for this hour
Hast thou reserved thy soul subduing power:
Thee never, Death, did I invoke, but still
I bow'd to mightiest circumstance my will;
And in the darkest hour and stormiest shade,
Look'd ever calmly for the dawn delayed.
Yet would that thou hadst laid me with the slain,
Where England's bravest fell on Marston's plain;
Little they feared thee, King of Terrors, then,
Now not at all: for in the war of men
They fought, and, shouting, died. But thus to
meet
Thy certain aim, and count thy coming feet,
While the half bloodless heart forgets to beat—
To meet thee thus, O Death, is terrible!
Hush!—the hoarse cry is drown'd in ocean's yell.
Hark!—voices, murmurs, and the steps of men!

What! will they storm the lion in his den?
Hither my evil Angel led my feet,
And here deserted me. But, from retreat
Cut off, I still can rush upon the foe;
And bold shall be the arm that lays me low."
He said, and rush'd into the darkness lone,
And from his scabbard flash'd his falchion, known
By many a deathful deed in fields of blood,
Where guileful Cromwell's iron warriors stood
Like wave-girt rocks that spurn th' assailing sea.
Through rifted clouds the moon look'd fearfully,
On ocean's mountain'd plain and frantic foam,
And rocks and caves, the ocean-prowler's home.
He listen'd—but he heard no human sound;
He spoke—but none replied; he gazed around,
And half expected, on night's rushing wing,
To meet the frown of some unearthly thing.
Lo, in the light a dangerous pavement lay,
Bright, dewy, cold, th' eternal marble grey!
And at his feet with bare and hoary head
Expiring, gasp'd the object of his dread.
O'er no arm'd spy by kingly vengeance sent,
O'er dying Age reclined the Malcontent.
Raised in his arms the panting wretch he bore,
And laid him on the cavern's gleaming floor;
But as he stoop'd beside the fire to bare
The ice-cold limbs, and wring the dripping hair,
Glanced o'er the stranger's brow his troubled eye,

And, shuddering, he arose, and raised a cry
Of terror, backward sinking on his knee
With lifted hands, like one who starts to see
The features of the murder'd on his way,
And bent on flight, but palsied by dismay,
Falls chain'd to what he dreads. Why shrank the bold,
Appall'd by weakness, weaponless, and old?
Because he saw in that expiring man
An injured friend. In youth their love began,
A love that, save in Heaven, could not endure;
So warm it was, so passionately pure,
More like the love of angels than of men;
And both were bless'd, for both were guiltless then,
And one was guiltless still. He wise in vain,
Sow'd hope and love, but reap'd despair and pain;
And too severely wrong'd to be forgiven,
Now stood between the Malcontent and Heaven.
By seas divided, and by years of pain,
To part for ever, lo, they met again!
And Morland's gloomy spirit seem'd to mourn
O'er hopeless hours that never could return,
And listen to a sweet and soul-felt tone
That long, long lost, vibrated to his own.
The wintry frost of sixty hapless years,
All dark and sunless, melted into tears:
He watch'd the struggling sufferer where he lay,
And wept as he would weep his heart away.

THEY MET AGAIN

BOOK III.

'Tis morning; o'er the billows glimmers grey
The growing light of slow advancing day;
Restored to life and thought, the wanderer hoar
Wakes in the cave high-roof'd on ocean's shore.
Stretch'd near the fire above the restless waves,
With many a pause between he weeps and raves;
Now sad his speech and low,—now wildly loud;
And near him Morland sits in sadness bowed,
Turning, at times, his altered face aside,
The growing trouble on his brow to hide;
Oft through his fingers and the gushing tear
He views his guest; and tawny gleams of fear
Course his sad cheek, and to his gloomy eye
Give milder light and tamed ferocity.

But when with counterfeited voice, he strove
To soothe the dying sufferer, and remove
His mind's disease, and health's destroyer—fear,

Bidding him hope there yet was comfort near,
And that he yet his distant home should see,
Then Eustace raised his eye of misery,
And fix'd it on the speaker, with a look
That from his cheek the sickly yellow took,
And left it white. "But what art thou?" he said;
"My languid eyes, with death's dim films o'er-
spread,
Scarce see thy face; yet I, on some far shore
Have heard, methinks, that hollow voice before."
"Nay," answer'd Morland; "for from youth
to age
Here have I dwelt in this my hermitage;
And made my feet familiar with the glens
Of unclimb'd mountains, and the perilous dens
Where the wolf sleeps, and wilds, since time
began
Untrodden, save by me, a homeless man."
"'Tis well!" said Eustace; "and, my friend
unknown
Thou soon again shalt sojourn here alone.
A little while, and thou with up-piled stones
And scanty earth, shalt sepulchre my bones.
Oh, I have long conversed with sighs and groans!
Long—I have been acquainted long with tears;
And I am old, and older then my years.
But tell not me of home. I *have* no home,
The wretched can have none. I love to roam

A wanderer from myself; and had my soul
Wings, I would fly beyond the farthest pole,
Yea, cast behind me earth and every star,
And dwell in soul-less, lifeless space afar.
Home, said'st thou? To the grave, thou babbler, go,
And ask the worm what home hath hopeless woe?
Home!—what is home? Oh, read the answer here!
'Tis not the hearth, but that which makes it dear.
I dream'd of such a home—that dream is gone:
And now I seek my home, the silent one;
For life is joyless, hope is fled, and fear;
Death—death alone remains, and he is near.
Life's glow, departing, yet informs my cheek;
Feeble, not feeblest, I have strength, though weak,
Enough to feel, in Nature's fainting strife,
More than all pain—this weariness of life.
Oh, Death! how long? Oh, let me, let me die.
There is a love eternal in the sky;
And there I may forgive, perhaps forget,
I do not curse—I will be patient yet;
Though they, whom most I scorn'd, contemn'd me most,
I *will* be patient—Will? Oh, while we boast
Our woe-tried constancy, we but sustain,
Because we must, inevitable pain!
"I know it well, I know I rave in vain.

What brought me hither, say'st thou? Love and
hate,
A faithless friend, a woman, and my fate.
I once was rich, nor dwelt beneath the sky
A flatter'd fool more fortune-cursed than I;
And Love's false morn was bright, too bright to
last:
But when the dogs bark'd at me as I pass'd,
And worldlings, if they met me, travell'd fast,
Ann tore at once the bandage from my mind;
I gazed on truth, and wish'd my heart were blind!
" I was undone! by Ann and all forgot;
Cold—naked—hungry—and she sorrow'd not:
Distracted—and she soothed not my despair;
Sick, and in prison—and she came not there.
Night was around me, and I wept alone,
'Despised, neglected, left unheard to groan;'
But when I rose out of the earth, and light
And Nature's face rush'd lovely on my sight,
How did the bosom-serpent greet her mate?
With looks of rancour, and with words of hate;
And wretch she call'd the wretch herself had
made.
She cursed me to my weeping eyes, she bade
My children curse me! and I wish'd again
To hear the clanking of my dungeon chain.
But Julia was the sweetest child of all:
She kiss'd, she bless'd me, she alone did call

Her mother's husband 'Father!' while the rest,
Jane and Matilda, (though my own) express'd
No joy their sire's long absent-face to see,
Julia—the youngest—Julia welcomed me!
Dear Julia!—on my broken heart she smiled;
Dear Julia!—wherefore was not she my child?
"But never will I drink again from cup
Made by the skill of mortal. I scoop'd up
The water in the shallows of the sand,
And drank it from the hollow of my hand.
Nay, do not think that I myself deceive,
But trust what I, in horror, must believe,
They gave me poison in my drink; and *he*
Smiled as I drank it; and—O, misery!
I burn'd and lived; I burn'd—and yet I live.
God, in thy mercy infinite, forgive—
Forgive them if thou canst! and I will try—
Will wrestle hard to pardon both and die."
Breathless, he paused; and Morland tried again
To soothe with gentle words his bosom's pain;
And bade him hope, since life's worst ills were o'er,
Heav'n yet had earthly good for him in store.
"Good?" Eustace cried—"O, speak of good no more!
It is a word that I have heard of—'Good?'
Oh, name it not to me! I understood
Its import feelingly when life was new,
And faith a child; for then my Ann was true.

But now I have no name. An eaglet fledged,
Or, like the homeless tempest, privileged
To wander where I will, I breathe on her
Forgiveness, mix'd with curses; and prefer,
Before all roofs of faithless man, the sky,
And envy every wild bird's wing on high.
A moment she was mine—one bright brief hour;
And then she fled in darkness! Like a flower,
Dropp'd from an infant's hand into the deep,
She left my bosom, and to troubled sleep,
Consign'd my dreams. A vision bright and brief,
Joy fled to come no more! and, like a leaf
Shook from the bough when winds of Winter
rave,
I float and whiten on the desert wave.

"Thus, was I left, but not alone, to sigh.
Then sickness quench'd the light in Julia's eye;
My Julia faded—mine?—she died, at last;
And then the bitterness of woe was past;
For I had loved her better than my own,
Because she kiss'd me, when my soul, bow'd down
By rancour's curse, despair'd. I follow soon:
My day of life wanes nightward fast from noon,
And evening lours. Yet, once more, let me gaze
On ocean, stretch'd in wild morn's clouded blaze.
For Ann and I (she lov'd thee, Ocean, well,)
Have watch'd on other shores thy hollow swell,
So brightly blue, so beautifully bright,

When every billow was a ridge of light,
And light seem'd life. But she will hear no more
The tumult of thy loud-resounding shore:
I follow next, for she, too, went before.
Oh, native scenes, I see ye in my soul!
Oh, England, green, where southern billows roll!
Ye towers of sheaf, where royal Mary wept!
Ye banks of Don, where oft my childhood slept!
Ye giant oaks, that, from the adder's cliff,
Frown'd o'er the dark wave, and my gliding skiff!
Thou, Wincobank, on whom the golden cheek
Of Eve rests loviest! and ye hills of Peak
That softly melt into the airy blue,
And hear the lark beneath,—adieu! adieu!"
Here paused he; but ere long, in accents low,
Resumed with dying lips his tale of woe;
As, whispering thro' the gorse, on Bretland's breast,
The dark March tempest sighs itself to rest.
"Oh, she was foul and fair! Yet once her mind
Was lovely as her face, and if the wind
Ne'er kiss'd a ringlet on a fairer cheek,
Her spirit once was, as the twilight, meek,
And, as the wild flower's blushes, innocent.
Yet to the grave with spotted name she went,
Before the faces of astonish'd men.
I saw her strive with death, and wept not then

She wept—and raised her trembling hands in
pray'r;
And mine were raised with her's; for I was there,
E'en by her bed of pain. I saw the fear
Of death convulse her frame, and in her ear
I whisper'd hope. Then from her bosom broke
Sad thanks in sighs, and, sobbing loud she spoke:
'Pardon'd by thee, I seek my shameful grave:
Oh,—still, my Lord—thy injur'd heart forgave!
Tender and true, though sever'd from my hate,
Thy love still liv'd, and sought no second mate.
Oh, may I meet thee in those realms divine!
Or is eternal Mercy less than thine?
Yet will I love, and hear thee—see thee still;
And woe shall bow to my triumphant will.
Yet will I snatch thy whisper from the gale,
And o'er the gates of sin and death prevail.
What chain can hold the disembodied mind?
Grim hell may torture thought, but cannot bind.
And when, released from this disastrous clay,
To happier regions thou shalt wing thy way,
My soul by rigid Justice unforgiv'n,
Shall weep, an outcast on the verge of Heav'n;
At distance see my children wander free,
And never bid adieu to them or thee!'

"I pour'd into her soul Religion's balm;
I watch'd her awful silence, and was calm;
And when she raised her eye, resign'd and meek,

Warm on my wither'd hand, and woe-worn
cheek,
I felt her last—last tear. She spoke no more:
The sinful sufferer's many pangs were o'er,
And mine scarce felt. I heard the shovell'd clay
Fall heavy on her bier. I turn'd away
With bursting heart. Lo! as my head I bow'd
I saw th' adulterer in the homeward crowd!
But, like a frozen sea on which the wind
Can raise no billow, slept my awe-quelled mind;
All angry feeling from my bosom fled,
The passions all were chain'd—my heart was dead.
"I may not lie where Ann in cold earth lies;
But might I see again with these sad eyes
The clay that is her pillow, they would close
Happy to shut for ever on the woes
Of snch a world as this. I weep for her:
I am not stone: she was a sufferer,
And, though a sinner, yet a Magdalene:
She died repentant, and was loveliest then.
Oh, she was false to me! but I am true;
And when she died, we then were wed anew.
The worms, the worms our bridal bed prepare;
Long waits the bride—in vain! I come not there.
Sever'd in life, still, still let death divide;
Why should I slumber by the lost one's side?
Yet, when the trump of doom shall rend the sky,
And wake all sleepers, she shall meet an eye

That could not meet her's frowning. Oh, her
breast,
Though dearest, still is spotted and unbless'd,
No pillow meet for me, although I long for rest!
"Let me not doubt God's justice! Oh, what
fate
Pursues my race, as with a demon's hate?
Evil must come of evil! that I know;
But how have we incurr'd this shame, this woe,
This desolation? How long must I bear
This fever of the soul, and, in despair,
Invoke the worm that will not come and feed?
Still, still I breathe, while woes on woes succeed.
Happy in this, Ann did not live, like me,
To mourn her daughters guilt and misery.
Lured by two villians from their native shore,
By me pursued in vain, and seen no more,
They fled—they left me, hopeless and alone,
To curse their birth, and name them with a groan.
As back I voyaged, the tempestuous wind
Bow'd the tall masts, and heaved the seas behind:
The thunder knew me, the flash look'd me
through,
The billows wild the man of sorrows knew;
And ocean would not spare one friendly wave
To whelm my misery in a briny grave.
Dash'd from the reeling deck by surge and blast,
I sunk, I rose, I reach'd the strand at last.

And when thou found'st me on the rock's cold
brow,
I was not sure if then I dream'd or no:
From mile-high crags, girt midway by the storm,
Th' adult'ress seemed to hurl my faded form;
And thou might'st deem the fierce and parching
wind
Had left of me no trace, save dust behind,
Wan dust, on which a viewless finger cold
Had traced the lines that all with dread behold."
"Why dost thou turn away thy brow severe?
Why would'st thou hide from me thy generous tear?
Thou weepest, cavern'd king of loneliness!
The rock's dark tenant melts at my distress.
Alas!—but no, it cannot be; for thou
Didst rove, thou say'st, in childhood on the brow
Of star-lov'd mountains hoar, since Time began,
Pathless and wild, and seldom sought by man.
Thou say'st, I have not known thee; and mine
Dim as my troubled spirit, recognize [eyes,
In thee distinctly nought; yet—oh, thy scowl
Brings back a wintry darkness to my soul,
Like the remembrance of a dream, that leaves
No definite impression, while it grieves
The heart that feels, and long will feel, how dire,
How black it stood, and what a livid fire
Gleam'd o'er its features of obscurity!
Or, like the sea, when midnight storms are high,

Heard, but not seen, while terror on the shore
Sees the gun flash, but cannot hear its roar;
And long, with eyes strain'd dizzy o'er the main,
Vainly expects to hail that flash again!

"Farewell, kind tenant of the ocean's cave!
I hear no more the restless billow rave.
Thy features vanish from my view: I reel,
From sense to gloom. What is it that I feel,
Foretelling stranger feelings yet to be,
Ere all is past? a shuddering agony
That is not pain. Oh, thou most terrible! [tell
Thou nothing, that marr'st all things! canst thou
When from the block the sever'd head falls low,
And glaring eyes seem conscious of the blow,
And quivering lips in soundless words complain,
What pangs may writhe the agonizing brain,
Where thought, perchance, still lingers? I shall know
Soon the deep secret, veil'd from all below,
And what the dying feel, when sense is dumb:—
Thou beckonest me, black angel! and I come."

Thus, in the ocean-cavern's glimmering light,
To Morland spake the wanderer of the night.
Question'd in vain, his words replied no more;
But Morland bent the lifeless body o'er,
Fix'd in the mute intensity of pain,
And lived, in thought, his past years o'er again.
What, hopeless rebel! would'st thou give to be
Wrong'd, like thy victim, and as pure as he?

TO

The Author of Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions—the Bentham of Hallamshire—as a tribute of respect, unworthy, but most sincere, I dedicate this humble Poem.

WITHERED WILD FLOWERS.

BOOK I.

Don, like a weltering worm, lies blue below,
And Wincobank, before me, rising green,
Calls from the south the silvery Rother slow,
And smiles on moors beyond, and meads between
Unrivall'd landscape! Oh, it is a scene,
That to remembrance brings the hope-bless'd days,
But not their hope! And at my feet, serene
And cold lies he, and deaf to mortal praise,
Who from this mount, erewhile, rejoiced to gaze;
Who in this temple, plain and unadorn'd,
Duly as sabbath came, throughout the year,
The word of Him in Jewry heard and scorn'd,
In Jewry scourged and slain, rejoiced to hear;
While Age shed oft th' involuntary tear,
And younger voices sweetly join'd to sing
The warbled anthem, plaintive, soft, and clear,
Till soar'd the soul on pure devotion's wing,
And God look'd down, and angels, listening.

Daughters of Memory! Shall the good man sleep
Unnoted, though immortal, in the grave,
While forms of angel-mockery seem to weep,
O'er tyrant vile, or viler willing slave?
The lying line shall prosperous villians crave,
To bid their flatter'd baseness live again?
Shall verse from sure oblivion try to save
Each worthless name? and no unvenal pen
Write, 'Here lies Nature's child, the best of men,
The sire of that mourn'd youth, whose soul of fire
Cherish'd in mine a spark that else had died,
The love of Milton's song, and Ossian's lyre,
And Burns, to glory's noblest sons allied?
Cold o'er thy bosom shall the earthworm glide,(a)
Where communed oft that low-laid youth with me:
And shall I hang my harp on Rother's side,
For ever mute and stringless there to be,
Teacher and Friend! without one strain to thee?
Teacher and Friend, who badst me syllable
Words cull'd from learning's page with weary eye!
Thy patience taught me zealously and well,
But could not teach, like thee, to live and die;
To envy nought beneath the ample sky;
To mourn no evil deed, no hour mis-spent;
And, like a living violet, silently
Return in sweets to Heaven what goodness lent.

Then bend beneath the chastening shower content.
But thou no more, with eye refresh'd, shalt see (b)
The long-watch'd seedling from the soil aspire,
Or bind the rose, or train the gadding pea;
No more shalt thou for victor flowers enquire;
Or proudly hear th' expected guest admire
Thy gemm'd auricula, a growing flame,
Or polyanthus, edged with golden wire, (c)
The poor man's flower, that lifts to humble fame,
Till e'en in print appears his envied name.
Who now shall tend thy plants, thy priceless flowers,
Emblems of thee, but not more pure than thou?
The morn shall miss thee, and the dewy hours
Of eve deplore, as I deplore thee now;
And spring shall pass her hand athwart her brow,
When not a gem of thine shall deck her hair,
Then shake in haste the dewdrop from the bough,
And to the spot where thou art laid, repair;
'Where is my Druid?' Death shall answer—'There!'
How hopeless, happy Spirit, is the groan,
When God calls Guilt from all his joys away!
But heavenly-sweet is music's saddest tone,
When o'er the lyre of Love Death's fingers stray;
Less sweet the sound, when winds of midnight play (d)
On that wild harp which well thy skill could frame.

And when thy dust was mingled with the clay,
To weep o'er thee, Affection—Friendship, came,
And there was one who could not sob thy name!
Thou, guest of angels, hast of praise no need;
But I have need of thine and virtue's aid:
And taught by thee each deathless lay to read,
Shall I forget my teacher lowly laid?
Though every strain of mine, alas! must fade,
Like idle vapour on the barren sea,
Shall I forget the Christian undismay'd,
The meekest child of truth and purity?
I sing of Death; and shall I not of thee?
But unlike thee are Passion's sin-bound slaves,
That tinge my song with beauty's blasted bloom,
While to my saddest theme I call the waves
Of farthest seas, and homeless storms, that boom
O'er worlds of woods, a universe of gloom!
Swamps, dens, and caves, beneath one boundless pall,
Where serpents lurk, their passing prey to doom,
Lone horror shudders at the grim wolf's call,
And dwells barbarian Man, most savage he of all.
Joy after woe, as after darkness light!
And sad Newhaven will not weep to-night.
Oh, happy meeting! peace and valour meet.
There is rejoicing in the town and fleet,
Light in the windows, laughter at the board,
For dire Metacom quell'd, and peace restored.(e)

Amid his warriors, Winslow sits in pride,
With Kirk (his guest from England) at his side,
A martial libertine, to falsehood true,
Who tells of Milton much, and Cromwell too;
Of Charles the Martyr, hapless and revered;
And hunted regicides, who fled and fear'd.
And there, too, smiling on his smiling friends,
Yet pale with thought, the saint-like Elliott bends;
Who to the naked Indian's leafy shed,
Proclaimed the resurrection of the dead,
And while the savage on his accents hung,
Gave the bless'd Word of God another tongue.
And beauty's brightest eyes are glancing near;
Nor doth the sternly courteous Cavalier
From transatlantic charmers turn away,
Or deem the British fair more fair than they;
For, Roman matron in her port and air,
There Portia sits; or is Cornelia there?
Or Agrippina? not in widow'd weeds,
But glorying in her glorious husband's deeds.
'Tis Mary sharer of thy heart and bed,
Danger-tried Winslow! And, with languish'd head,
While scandal marks the trouble of her eye,
Fix'd in desponding thought's intensity,
Like guilt in sleep, or passion in his shroud,
Though gay no more, still proudest of the proud,
Tall Mary's taller sister sits beside
Henley, the marksman, with the lip of pride.

How changed, Senena, is thy downcast eye!
He who knows wherefore, fain would whisper why;
And sacrifice a maiden's all, her name,
That coxcombs might exult, and prudes defame.
Behold her cheek; still, still it hath its rose;
Alas! not that which freshens as it grows;
But one whose sweets the heart will not forget,
Pensive and fading, though not faded yet!
Her soul seems frost-bound on its lovely throne,
Like beauteous life by Winter turn'd to stone:
Th' impassion'd crystal wants but warmth and breath,
And thought's expression lives and speaks in death;
The icy charm, insatiate, we behold,
While admiration feels his blood run cold.
"If your wide wilderness of wants and woes,"
Said Kirk to Winslow smiling, "can disclose,
Amid its horrors, flowers superb as these,
We need not wonder that your deserts please.
Fair flowers!—by Heaven, the stateliest, too, they are,
That ever bloom'd beneath Love's dewy star!
But one, as if transferr'd from Paradise,
And sorrowing for lost Heav'n, seems fix'd in ice;
Her lofty graces win us, and depress,
Awe while thy charms, and chill with loveliness."

He said, and with a soldier's freedom gazed
On sad Senena, who her eye upraised,
And with a glance around the circle thrown,
In each heart's secret fear'd to read her own;
While Mary's eye met hers, and took and gave
Pangs, like remember'd freedom to the slave.
"Fair native flowers our rugged land adorn,"
Said Winslow; "but my wife is British-born.
She, from the rage of civil discord, brought
In childhood hither, scarce remembers aught
Of sea-girt home; yet still that home is dear,
And England's praise is music to her ear."
"Madam," said Kirk, "you wrong your native isle.
England, defrauded of so bright a smile,
When back she hails me from the sterile sea,
Though rich in beauty, will seem poor to me.
But pine you not at heart, to see once more
Your wave-rock'd cradle, our Britannian shore?"
The matron answer'd—while her graver eye
Reproved the soldier's fearless flattery—
"In England, none who know and love me, live;
I have not there one living relative;
And therefore feel I small desire to see
The foam-girt land of my nativity,
Where Cavalier and Roundhead hail and bless
Charles and the law, whose rule is happiness."

" Yet here," said Kirk, " by dangers compass'd
round,
Ye dread the Indian whoop in every sound.
I am a soldier—I have look'd on blood,
And on the howling battle-field withstood
Death's sternest menace; yet Metacom's deeds
Appal my heart, that shudders while it bleeds
To hear the horrors of his butchery,
Which spares nor stooping age nor infancy."
" For his defeat," said Elliott, " thanks to
Heaven!
Yet be the savage in the man forgiven.
His loss our gain—as he descends we rise—
And grow and spread, like flame, before his eyes.
If every White Man aims at him a blow,
Justly he sees in every White a foe;
And doom'd in combat, or in flight to die,
Does he not well to face his enemy?
Sage, patriot, hero, king! for Nature's rights,
Brave as our own Caractacus he fights;
Reluctant draws the knife, and heaves a sigh;
Then wars on fate and possibility.
For, arm'd to extirpate his hated race,
The Whites shall hunt them o'er earth's blasted
face,
Till in the ocean of the farthest west,
The last red man shall shroud his bleeding breast."
"Where ruin'd Memphis," Winslow said, and
sigh'd,
" Lies like a giant blasted in his pride;

Where Tadmore droops, by herbless sands embraced,
A childless mother in the houseless waste;
Where old Athena, who can never die,
Speaks of the dead in wan sublimity;
Where mourns th' eternal city, still a queen,
The traveller weeps o'er glories that have been;—
There still the portals of the Gods remain,
By Desolation's mace assail'd in vain.
But here no column, with pathetic brow,
While awe-struck Time reclines in tears below,
To other years, and men unborn, shall tell
Where more than Roman valor fought and fell."
"Their very name shall perish!" Henley cried,
With bitter smile of factious spleen and pride;
"Their very name shall perish! scorn'd by Time,
Nor live a day, like courtly things, in rhyme,
Alas! few flatterers kneel prostrated low
To him whose sole exchequer is his bow;
And undeceived, unsung, that king may die
Who hath no humbler palace than the sky."
Rebellious to his will, that strove to hide
In cold indifference his offended pride,
Kirk's darkening visage frown'd a mute reply,
While Henley, pausing, fix'd on him his eye;
Then placing on his head his cap unplumed,
Th' irreverent wrangler thus his taunts resumed:

"God save the King!" our loyal wilds exclaim,
But not, God save Metacom, poor and lame.
Well know we, courtly sir, that Power is Right:
The blind themselves see worth in wealth and
might;
For Power was never illegitimate,
And Power's adorers only worship Fate.
Strong is the king who reigns by right divine,
And nobles round him cringe, for armies shine.
Before him Justice sits, nor sleeps, nor winks,
And vultures die, or no corruption stinks.
For gaping crowds with liberal hand he carves,
And merit at his table feeds or starves.
A God on earth, and fear'd like him of hell,
The good who serve him are rewarded well.
Secure he reigns, untroubled, undismay'd,
For loyal are his servants—and are paid."
Thus spoke he, factious—mischief his delight,
Himself a compound of disdain and spite,
To none submitting, and insulting all,
Sedition on his lips, his life a brawl,
He ended, sneering. Kirk turn'd black with ire,
And on his forehead darkness seem'd on fire.
Lo, as the courtier frown'd, Senena rose;
Her soul was struggling with unutter'd woes;
Pale on her cheek expired the blasted bloom;
In Mary's eye sate discontent and gloom,
And sad Senena, tottering, left the room.

All, wondering, gazed ; but Kirk, with gloomy
stare, (f)
Perused each sun-brown'd warrior's haughty air,
And, starting, almost fear'd rebellion there.
In Winslow's mien a Lambert seem'd to lour,
In Winslow's form a Cromwell seem'd to tower !
He shrank from Henley's shadow on the wall,
Aud inly mutter'd " Traitors are they all."
Frowning, he rose, and sternly waved adieu,
And, mute and slow, retired. Then all withdrew,
But not all silent. Boisterous Henley laugh'd,
And too, too much of gall his heart had quaff'd,
To spare the angry messenger of kings,
And deem abuse and scorn forbidden things.
Midnight was past ; but not a streak of gray
Dawn'd in the east, to tell of coming day.
No murmer on the dreams of silence broke,
The moon still slumber'd o'er the gospel-oak, (g)
Beneath whose shade Newhaven's fathers kept
Their first sweet sabbath, grateful while they wept
To think of England, whence their steps were
driven,
To worship in his wilds the God of Heaven.
Blue, brightly blue, was night's ethereal hall,
When, like a form that decks some temple's wall,
And paler than the marble, wander'd forth
Senena, the betray'd ; and the cold north
Play'd with her hair, that sought her feet below,
And on her shoulders lay like night on snow.

Crisp in the night-wind shook her single vest;
The moon look'd calmly on her naked breast,
And the wan stars beheld with awed delight,
One like themselves, sad, silent, cold and white.
What magic was there in that Courtier's speech,
That words like his the secret heart could reach,
And make the fairest of the fair and proud
Appal with beauty midnight's darkening cloud?
Or, did wan death, in poor Senena's form,
Walk with unechoed step, and quit the worm?
Say, *did* that apparition breathe and glow?
Did the heart heave beneath that breast of snow?
I know her by that hopeless look and tear:
'Tis she, Senena's self; but wherefore here?
When last that broad oak's branches o'er her moan'd,
Low at the feet of Henley laid she groan'd;
Pray'd him to save a maiden's all—her fame;
Pray'd him to snatch her from a grave of shame;
And when speech fail'd, her tears that silent ran,
Implored a monster to become a man.
But now—what burden bears she on her breast,
And, fondly bending, kisses into rest?
A mother and no wife, she sobs forlorn
O'er what she loves and dreads—her infant born
In secret. Lo three lovely, pallid things,
Fairer than fancy's wild imaginings,
Night, at this moment, as she sits alone,
Sees from the silence of her starry throne—

Like the swan's wing, Senena's cheek of woe;
The moon, high-placed on Heaven's majestic brow;
And the moon's image on the wave below,
That glimmers deep and still. Is it to lave
Her raven tresses, that above the wave
Senena bends? Athwart her outstretched arms
They flow, and veil, but cannot hide her charms.
Say, while recumbent o'er the wave she stands,
Why heaves her heart with her extended hands?
What sound, O God, was that? And, hark! a scream
Succeeds that plunge. Lo, on the strangling stream,
With head thrown back, erect she gazes there,
While horror stiffens her uplifted hair;
And her eyes gleam "dilated, pale, and wild!"
Oh, hath she cast into the wave her child?
That cry again—but fainter—and away
She turns and flies; yet backward, in dismay,
Instinctively to see some dreadful thing,
She looks, and stops, intensely listening.
A sob?—how feeble! and the little breast
That heaved it forth is ever now at rest;
For ah! where is the burden that she bore,
Press'd to her bosom, and kiss'd o'er and o'er
With such sad fondness? Horror hears her sighs;
And, like a bird with wounded wing, she flies
In haste yet slowly. She hath pass'd the hill;
The echoes slumber on earth's bosom chill,
Smooth flows the wave again, and all is still.

Lo, she hath reach'd her chamber in despair!
And, scarce alive, she sinks into her chair,
The stone-still image of all-dreaded death!
Mary bends o'er her with suspended breath,
And all is silence, save the throbbing heart.
Ah, bid pulsation from its fount depart!
To hush the *heart* is woman's hardest task.
How Mary's look enquires! What would it ask
But what she knows too well, and dreads to know?
Oh, which sad bosom feels severest woe?
Which sister-mourner do we pity most,
That lost one, or the wretch who deems her lost?
The taper trembles on its little stand;
Ah, no! Senena, with convulsive hand,
Hath dash'd it out; and wan she bends in gloom;
Burst Mary's tears! she rushes from the room.

And now doth guilt sit lighter on thy breast,
Poor, fall'n Senena? Sank thy heart, oppress'd,
Dreading thy picture in a sister's eye,
Dreading to meet a *sister's* scrutiny?
Alas—alas! guilt fears to be alone!
And wouldst thou hide in solitude the groan
Wrung by remorse from conscience in despair?
Oh, questions vainly urged. Nor force nor prayer
Can stop Time's flight, and bid the present stay,
Nor tears recall the deed of yesterday,
No—no! but Heaven can pardon and deliver
The suffering child of sin—O God, forgive her!

WITHERED WILD FLOWERS.

BOOK II.

Love !—but not thou, whose mightiest Hand afar
Guides in his printless path each wheeling star.
Love !—but not thou, our type of Heaven, whose
breast
Rocks beauty's rosiest babe in smiles to rest.
Despairing Love ! who long'st in blood to steep
The bed where thou dost toss, and fain wouldst
sleep.
How like a lily, stain'd with murder's gore,
Thy sorrow weeps ! Yet, not for evermore
Shalt thou, a flower distain'd with mourning, bend
Through ages, rolling slow, of hopeless end,
And while the funerals of the stars pass by,
Still tremble in the blast of destiny.
Thy guilt hath tears, though darkest guilt it be,
And pitying Heaven hath mercy e'en for thee.
It was the evening of a sunless day:
Slowly the heavy vapours roll'd away,

Pouring no more the rain. The weary gale
Bow'd still th' indignant pine ; and chill, and pale,
And indistinct, each watery object nigh
Wore the dim hues of distance to the eye.
It was the hour that pensive thought loves best
The gloaming hour when toil retires to rest,
When dying light is loveliest loneliness,
When music's voice is sweet as love's caress,
When hope's tear flows more limpid than the dew,
And tearless wretches try to weep anew,
And find a joy in grief. While charged with rain,
Each blossom droop'd—like innocence, in pain
And silence, weeping—with desponding soul,
Senena from her joyless chamber stole;
Instinctively she sought the fatal shore,
That saw a deed which she must still deplore,
And turning from the past her hopeless view,
Like Monfort, sigh, " Would, would it were to do !"
She sought that fatal shore—but found not there
Joy in her grief, nor hope in her despair ;
For evil tongues were busy with her fame,
And conscience trembled at her whisper'd name.
Hopeless, she longed to mount th' unhallow'd bark,
And sail the deep irremeable dark :
On death she call'd, but with averted eye ;
The dead she envied, yet she fear'd to die.

But not unwatch'd she went. She heard the sound
Of well-known footsteps—yet she look'd not round;
And Henley stood beside her, blank in awe.
Her hand from his she deign'd not to withdraw:
He press'd it, while his own with fever burn'd;
But her's, clay cold, no pressure soft return'd.
Humbled, he ask'd, with shame unwonted, why
Such dreadful coldness froze him from her eye,
And why they met not? With averted air,
The mourner heard; and, strengthen'd by despair,
Stood in her silence. Yearning for the grave,
She watch'd the tremble of the conscious wave
That chilly clasp'd her babe of hapless love;
And thought of Heaven, but dared not look above.
Long thus, in mute abstraction, on the strand,
Fix'd, stern, and calm, she moved nor eye nor hand.
Unmann'd, he wept, and clasp'd, and kiss'd her knee:
But when he spoke of years of bliss to be,
Of Love's sweet home, of Hymen's saffron morn,
And that lost babe which yet he deem'd unborn,
Then from her eyes the fire of madness flash'd,
Her foot to earth th' astonish'd suppliant dash'd;
Her anguish found a torturing voice, and spoke,
And execration in her breast awoke:

"No lightening blasts thee?—sleeps avenging
Heaven?
Go, ask his mercy, and die unforgiven!
Nay, bloodless image of dismay'd surprise!
Start not—I cannot stab thee with mine eyes:
My hand, unweapon'd, spares thy worthless life;
But shouldst thou meet me when it grasps a knife,
Be deadly wan thy cheek, and slack thy knee!"
With glowing cheek, and awful energy,
She spoke her words of madness and despair;
And Henley heard them with a madman's air:
Slowly he left her, wondering, stunn'd, appall'd.
She gasp'd—she wept; she wished her words
recall'd:
So weak is woe! Worlds, worlds she would
have given,
Could he have heard her pray for him to Heaven—
Could he have heard her say "Though base to me,
My dying lips invoke no curse on thee!
No:—live and think of her, who yet forgave,
Though sent by thee a murd'ress to the grave.
Live!—when the charms that rivall'd once the
And rival now the printless snow, repose [rose,
In that deep darkness which no midnight knows:
Yes; when the hand that oft thy lip hath press'd,
And this fond pillow of thy head, my breast,
And these long-tearless eyes, that *should* not weep
For one who hath no heart, shall moulder deep

In misery's sure and last asylum—live!
And may offended Heaven, like me, forgive."
Tears soothed her spirit; and relenting thought
Half robb'd her of the dire intent she brought;
But Henley heard not—saw not—on he went,
Staggering and faint, like one with labour spent,
And, flashing, rush'd his hot blood to his eyes.
He fell—what phantoms from the earth arise?
A form before him stood, in sorrow deep,
And beautiful as angels when they weep.
Wan, in the arms of that fair spectre, smiled,
Cold as the breast that pillowed it, a child,
Whose half-closed lips the lifeless teat still press'd;
And, as the grateful infant sunk to rest,
The blue eyes langour stiffen'd into stone.
"Kiss, Father, kiss thy child!" with hollow tone
A voice exclaim'd: "one kiss, and thou art clay!
Freeze in a kiss: be cold and come away!
Husband, a marble lip thy sands hath told:
Cold was thy heart to us, and we are cold."
He started up, and lo, he was alone!
The phantom mother and the child were gone,
But not th' unutterable awe that froze
Life in its fountain, as those phantoms rose.
While the grey mountains bade adieu to day,
Slow tow'rds Senena's home he wound his way,
Yet scarce knew why. His knees each other smote,
And in his soul waked gloomy thought on thought,

The darkest last. Like a bright bow unstrung
Arose the crescent moon; but darkness hung
O'er her blue pathway, on the sky portrayed
In giant forms, slow moving, shade on shade.
Lo, high in Winslow's dwelling beams a light!
Far the ray flashes through the dusky night:
Before the light a gloomy form appears,
Reclined in troubled thought, perhaps in tears.
'Twas she, he thought, in woes and wrongs array d,
Undone, and lost, Senena the betray'd.
"She weeps," he said, "she weeps in her despair!"
Who wept? Alas, Senena was not there!
'Twas Mary, pondering by the taper's gloom
On poor Senena's crime, Senena's doom:
She deemed the lost one at that moment slept;
She more than feared her guilty, and she wept.
Senena did not sleep, she slept not yet:
But still her cheek with soothing tears was wet;
Almost she hoped that Heaven might yet forgive,
Almost she hoped, almost resolved, to live.
But as she watch'd the quivering billows near,
Her wan cheek darkened with unutter'd fear:
She shook and trembled like the restless wave—
At once her infants cere-cloth and its grave.
The troubled curtains of portentous night
Flung from their brightening folds a sudden light;

The waters seem'd to chide her as she stood;
A voice of mourning issued from the flood.
She started—on the surface rose to sight
A flower, a floating lily, bluely white!
She shrieked—she stooped—she snatch'd it to the strand;
God! 'twas no lily—'twas a little hand!
Forth from the brine she drew her murder'd child,
The black rocks echoing wide her accents wild;
Close, and more close, her ice-cold babe she press'd,
And cold was comfort to her burning breast.
She gazed upon it, (and her hot tears came,)
Call'd it her child,—it had no other name,
Kiss'd its blue sodden cheek, its bosom fair,
Its small round fingers, and its dusky hair;
Then to her heart she clasp'd its lips of snow,
Aud sobb'd, thrice happy in severest woe.
She wonder'd at its loveliness in death;
Scarcely believed she that it had not breath.
Once more she bent, once more a kiss to take,
And half expected that it yet would wake.
And then the fire returned into her brain:
And memory wept, and conscience groan'd again;
Wild, mutter'd accents from her bosom broke,
And words came to her tongue, and misery spoke:

"My murder'd baby! oh, that I had borne
The taunt of prudery, the sourge of scorn,
The penance due to sin! Would I had taught
Thy little lip to know this breast, and bought
Thy thankful smile with love; and o'er thee hung
To bless the name of mother from thy tongue!
Was this a mother's deed? Thy stifled cry
Still echoes in my soul, and will not die.
Bitter remembrance is my portion set,
Never on earth to smile or to forget;
And I must bear perdition in my breast,
And wear my hopeless anguish as a vest.
Why did I do this deed? Let Henley tell:
He, most unworthy, still is loved too well;
But he shall weep when I am lowly laid,
And wish, too late, I had not been betray'd.
Canst thou forgive me, baby? thou my child,
Canst thou forgive this wretch with blood defiled?
Baby, forgive me! I forgive thy sire—
Oh, Heaven, forgive us both! and, in thine ire,
Remember him with mercy. Let me weep
A little longer, ere I try to sleep."

She ended; and, with greedy eye, devour'd
Th' expecting flood, while on the dark Heaven lour'd
The cloud, behind which shrank the shaded moon.
'Some natural tears she dropp'd, but wiped them soon.'

Her long-lost mother to her thought arose:
She yearn'd to meet her—where all griefs repose.
Her sister's image, with imploring hand,
Beckon'd her, shrieking, from the fatal strand;
"Mary will weep—but she already weeps:
And, when in death the lost Senena sleeps,
Detraction will forget his useless gall,
And all atoning death will cancel all.
Malice herself, that watched my fading name,
And hail'd with devilish joy my blasted fame,
Even Malice to my grave with tears shall come,
Even Envy's self forgive me in the tomb,
Own frailty's sister to themselves allied,
And cease to taunt pride's victim with her pride."
Did not her lover, lingering in her heart,
Bid the black shadow from her soul depart?
She thought of Henley with the lip of scorn,
And poor Senena at his feet, forlorn,
Fall'n from the throne of innocence to shame.
Red on her cheek return'd th' indignant flame:
She wept no more, but, kneeling look'd to Heaven,
Then kiss'd her baby, and felt half forgiven.
That lifeless infant, in this direst hour,
Upheld her spirit with an arm of power.
More close she clasped it in a last embrace,
And plunged—still gazing on the lifeless face;

Deeply she plunged, and o'er her closed the stream.
Forth from her pall of clouds, with sudden beam,
Casting o'er rock and wave a silvery hue,
The moon walk'd bright into the heavenly blue.
'Twas then that Henley's homeward pathway led,
His footsteps near Senena's wat'ry bed.
The moon-beam lit his wild face as he pass'd;
The billow sigh'd his name—he stood aghast!
Perhaps Senena, in her dying pain,
Repentant, wish'd to live, but wish'd in vain!
Call'd she for help? or, too devotely true,
Bade she to that loved wretch a sad adieu?
He, bending o'er the rock in dread and woe,
Beheld a snowy bosom sinking slow
Beneath the wave, that quiver'd, as to tell,
By speechless signs, a tale of horror well.
Headlong he plunged; he grasp'd a stiffening hand;
He dragg'd the mother and the child to land;
Then kiss'd his victims as he wildly shook,
Imploring one sweet word, one glance, a look
Of mute forgiveness; clasp'd her senseless frame,
And made the caverns vocal with her name
In vain repeated. On his lap he laid
Her head, yet warm, though lifeless. He survey'd,

Intensely still, the features. Pride was there
That triumph'd over death, and in despair
Looked like defiance arm'd: the brow was knit
In sternness, and the locks that shadow'd it
So darkly, moved not; on her lip sat pain
Fix'd, in the strength that died in struggles vain;
The large dark eyes, half shut in last repose,
Waited, he thought, to look a curse, and close;
And in her strong and dread embrace shepress'd
Th' unconcious infant to her beauteous breast.
He knew she named him with her dying breath
He deem'd she cursed him in the arms of death:
He wrong'd in ignorance his murder'd love.
Powerless and agonized, he tried to move
His victims: back he fell, and senseless lay.
Again he rose; but then the moon's last ray
Was trembling dimly in the horizon grey:
Through all his veins a deadly chillness crept,
And like a boy, the shivering giant wept.
Morn waked at length, without a cloud, and smiled
O'er wood and wave, on father, mother, child;
When Winslow took his wonted walk to see
The early sun quaff pearls from every tree,
And tow'rds the fatal spot advancing slow,
And pausing oft, he reached the scene of woe.
What eye of man could view it unappall'd?
He shriek'd in horror, and on Henley call'd

And Henley laugh'd in horror, from his head
Shaking the dews of night; then on the dead
With stone-still eyes he stared, and gastly stood.
There is a laughter that can chill the blood;
And, written on that brow, the wrath of fate
Tells of a ruin'd mind, a heart all desolate.

WITHERED WILD FLOWERS.

BOOK III.

On fall'n Senena's grave no grass is green;
But near it, lo, an open grave is seen!
And mournfully amid those mourners hangs
On Winslow's arm, her sister; and the pangs
Of sorrow live again, with strength renew'd:
She sees the grave, she groans, in soul subdued,
And, pausing, shudders. Slow, with heavy tread,
Tow'rds his last home the bearers bring the dead
In awe and silence; and with pensive air,
True to the last, Senena's dog is there.
Now on the fresh mould, recent from the spade,
Near the grave's margin Henley's bier is laid;
And Kirk of England calmly folds the pall:
He only, tearless, stands amid them all
Cold as the granite on some lonely tomb,
Gilt by a sun-beam in the day of gloom;

While Eliott—and each brow is turned to him,(h)
And not a listener stirs, or lock or limb—
Faltering, with blinded eye, and dewy cheek,
Beneath the Gospel-Oak essays to speak:—

"*The curse of God is in the house of sin.* (i)
Thus Wisdom spoke; and thus a voice within
(If careless mortals listen as they ought,)
Speaks to the silence of admonished thought.
Oh, that the grave had language! that the dead
Could speak in thunder! and the page, unread
In every heart, unfold to every eye
What all deplore, and struggle to deny!
The grave *hath* spoken! and the dead *do* speak!
Yes, harlot Pleasure[c] with the painted cheek,
Thy victims, in their deeds, and in their doom,
Preach to our hearts, and teach us from the tomb;
Loudly they tell the concious thought within,
Yet oft in vain, that sorrow's root is sin.

"Nay sorrowing Mary! spare thy tears: I feel
My task is not to torture—I would heal
The soul that bears with such a stifled groan
So great a share in sorrows not its own.
If Heaven's just wrath the worm of sin reproves,
His wrath-like kindness chastens whom it loves.
I need not prove what each tried bosom knows
That man is misery's heir, and born to woes.
Oh, what a lesson reads the historic page
To suffering man, in vain from age to age

Taught by recorded ills! and not the less
Is human being pain and weariness,
When unrecorded pass our race away,
Like forest leaves—like clouds that dim the day,
Like the flower's blush. 'But if the righteous here,
Though not unbless'd, shed oft a bitter tear,
Here and hereafter rich is their reward;
While sin shall surely suffer; and debar'd
By self-applauding Conscience from her heaven,
Shall suffer unconsoled, and murmur unforgiven.

"Man without virtue, is a sunless day;
A midnight cloud, that bursts, and rolls away:
A flag that streams the waves of battle o'er,
And sinks in fiery gloom to rise no more;
A traveller wandering by the lightening's blaze
On cloud-clad rocks, where day would dread to gaze,
While horror listens with suspended breath,
And all around is danger, doubt, and death."

"Thou losing Gambler, by thyself betray'd,
Thy life a game, with crime and folly play'd!
If the pure bosom is a temple bless'd,
If heaven is throned in every righteous breast,
Oh, by thy throb to bask in glory's blaze,
Oh, by the passion for undying praise,
That weds thy heart to human sympathy,
And proves thee made for immortality!

Sink not beneath the deep and treacherous wave,
In which low passion plunges passion's slave;
But swim with upward gaze on heavenly charms,
And win eternity with mortal arms.

"Oft cloudless day, ere noon, is overcast:
Bright colours soonest fade. We know the past—
We cannot know the future. Fair we deem
Of what seems fair, and well and wisely dream
That human good can last, though change is near
To wake and mock us. And when guilt and fear
Turn o'er the unlook'd pages of the heart,
Well may we shudder if the angels start
And read in pale surprise!—in that sad tomb
Lie youth and beauty blasted in their bloom.
Let dust inform our hearts that sin is woe!
Once—but my tears *will* flow, and let them flow!
Nor would I be the only weeper here.
My friends, ye also weep; and well the tear
Becomes you. Jesus wept.—Ye modest maids,
Loveliest in tears, like flowers that woo the shades!
She once was bless'd, and beautiful like you!
Ye, pure in heart, she once was spotless too!
But, oh, when Virtue flies what demons come:
Seize on her throne, convert her light to gloom,
Pollute her altar with unholy flame,
And of her *temple* make a den of shame!

So, when th' immortal spirit wings its way,
Stiff swells, and, blackening, stinks th' opprobrious clay
Full feeds the hungry rat, and, loathing, flies;
Still feeds the greedier worm, and, poison'd, dies;
Till last, when even the worm's vile forms depart,
Rank blooms the deadly mushroom in the heart![k]
Now fall'n from fame, and lost to life, to all,
Senena's worth seems cancell'd by her fall!
For prone to blame, and rigid in pretence,
Man forgets all things, but lost innocence;
And ne'er forgives, though Pity's self be nigh,
The time-tried wretch that mocks his prophecy.
"But Heaven is not forgetful. God is just;
God weighs in mercy's scale our erring dust.
This may *he* find, whose ashes there await
The last sad rite that sorrow pays to fate.
Ye knew him when no insect's gauzy wing
More lightly flutter'd o'er the blooms of spring,
Than he, with thoughtless smile, and sunny eye,
O'er every leaf and stalk of vanity,
That poison-breathing plant, with flaunting flower,
Which loves to desecrate the fairest bower.
What now avail thy sword and numerous scar,
Thou sin-slain giant with the hand of war?
What now avails thy beauty, self-adored,
That doom'd thy lov'd one to a death abhorr'd?

Methinks her dust should *know* thee, and upbraid
Thy perjured vow, for trusting truth betray'd:
Like that relentless soul—a shaded flame—
That, in Elysium, darkens at the name
Of thankless Florence! But ye both are mute;
She cannot be defiled, nor thou pollute
The worm's pale sister. Yet in hours like this,
Most eloquent, O Death, thy silence is!
And wordless truth, when seated on thy brow—
Proclaims—and is believed—that sin is woe!

"Was it not woe, when all-shunn'd Henley fled,
From every human eye? to hide his head
Where living thing ne'er shook a leaf, or stirred
The honey'd flower, save startled humming bird?
Where never sound disturb'd the horrid brake,
Save thrilling warning of the rattlesnake?
And ne'er to heaven was raised a glittering eye,
Except the slow-winged eagle's in the sky?"

"Abhorr'd by all, he fled, yet not alone;
Senena's faithful dog, with ceaseless moan,
Follow'd his parting steps. Though oft driven back,
Spurn'd, and yet true, the dog pursued his track,
And found a welcome at his journey's end.
Senena's dog became his humble friend,
His sole companion in the dismal brake,
And soon was loved for lost Senena's sake,

The only thing on earth he now could love.
And he would seat him in the tulip-grove,
And gaze in silence on the terrier's face
Till day, from morn to eve, had run his race.
Unsocial savage! far from human sight—
From human sound he urged his gloomy flight,
To rest on solitude his blasted breast;
Farthest from man, the loneliest spot was best,
Where sound was not, save ocean's distant roar,
And motion, save the billows on the shore.
The desert beckon'd to his mute despair;
And if he was alone, what matter where?
He loved to sit on crags, and hear the sound
Of his loud rifle shake the waste around;
Leaping from rock to rock, from wood to wood,
Or isthmus, isle, and long-resounding flood.
And had not midnight to his lone retreat,
Through starless darkness led my wandering feet,
There, where he died, 'without a hand to save,'
There would the wolf, beside the dashing wave,
Have given his shroudless limbs a living grave.

"Foot-sore, and weary, and in soul distress'd,
I was returning from the travell'd west:
The night was gloom unbroken; and I lost
My way amid the many paths that cross'd
The dangerous forest. Long and far I went,
Still more and more astray, and vainly sent
My voice for help through echoing gloom abroad.
At last a red light from a lone abode

Flash'd through the kindling verdure. Vast and high,
The building darken'd on the starless sky.
Deserted, and all-tenantless it seem'd;
And yet the brightness of a pine-fire gleam'd
Wide from the centre of the ample floor.
Apart I stood, and through the open door
Survey'd awhile, in fear, that vault-like room:
Its vast retiring depth was lost in gloom.
I spoke—I shouted; from disturb'd repose
Behind the fire a startled wretch arose,
Casting his lengthen'd shadow far aloof;
That, like a spell-raised giant, propp'd the roof,
And, lighted from below, his features wan
Seem'd such as fear would not ascribe to man.
Like a stray'd captive by his gaolor found,
His terror utter'd a despairing sound,
While fast he grasp'd with both his hands his hair,
Gazing on darkness with a murderer's stare.
Thick o'er his brow one raven lock was roll'd,
And at his feet Senena's terrier howl'd.
Slow I advanced; but with averted look,
And arms out-stretch'd, he shrank—then stood and shook:
An infant might have fell'd him with a flower;
For she, whom he had wrong'd in evil hour,
Was present to his soul with dread and might;
One, one wild thought absorb'd his spirit quite.

Faintly he said, 'I have expected thee,
'Come, let me kiss thy child, and cease to be!'
But when I named his hapless name, and grasp'd
His rugged hand, with thickening throat he gasp'd;
He look'd—and seem'd to fear to look again;
And torturing memory rush'd into his brain.
But when he saw the bright tear on my cheek,
And when I bade God help him, accents weak
Of thanks half-utter'd trembled on his tongue;
Faint on my agitated arm he hung:
The voice of kindness, mighty to subdue,
Fell on his soften'd soul like heavenly dew;
And when I pray'd for him, his *heart* look'd up;
Hope faintly brighten'd in his bitter cup;
He kneel'd, he kiss'd my feet, he sobb'd, he wept,
And nearer to his guest the terrier crept.

"And oft—his only visitor—I sought
The hermit of the desert; for I thought
That He, who died for all, might yet impart
The grace that passeth utterance to his heart;
And alteration in his eye to me
Seem'd heaven-sent hope, and growing piety.
But weak and weaker hourly he became;
More frequent tremors shook his faded frame;
A deadly hectic flush'd his fallen cheek,
His voice was changed to treble, small and weak,
Pain in his eye subdued th' expression wild,
The Misanthrope was gentle as a child;

And he complain'd that oft the light was green,
That blue sparks girt his bed, in darkness seen,
And that the rushes on the floor had wings,
And moved, and flew, like animated things.
Then would he mourn his nights unbless'd with sleep,
And bend his face upon my knee and weep,
And say that he had wished in vain to die;
And that (although he shrunk when death seem'd nigh,)
Oft had he gazed upon the heaving main,
And long'd to leap, and turn'd, and look'd again.
But if I pray'd him to return with me,
Then, like a wretch who strives with agony,
And deeply maim'd, prepares his final blow,
He muster'd up his strength, and answer'd 'No!'
Once, only once, his anguish sank in pray'r,
And utter'd all a broken heart's despair:
'In doubt I lived, in horror I expire;
'Release me, oh, release me! in thine ire;
'Or in thy mercy Father set me free!
'For my eyes hate the blessed sun to see,
'That only bids my hopeless spirit mourn
'O'er ill-spent hours that never can return.'
"When *last* I sought his hermit home, no smoke
Rose o'er the hemlock huge, or greener oak.
My heart misgave me as my steps drew near,
And chill I entered with foreboding fear.

No voice replied to mine; the dog had fled!
The house was tenantless, the fire was dead.
Night came in storms; and I, perforce, must
stay,
And wait in loneliness the coming day.
O'erwearied, soon I slept; but thunders deep
Roused me, appall'd, from unrefreshing sleep,
And the still horror of portentous dreams.
Night seem'd eternal: and the morning beams,
As if averse to chase so foul a night,
Prolong'd their slumber in the hall of light.
But when the grey-eyed morning sweetly
spread
Her dappled mantle o'er the mountain's head,
I issued from my prison-house of dread.

"The sun had not yet risen. The forest threw
Gigantic darkness on the mingled hue
Of gold and crimson in the brightening sky;
The sea was fiery purple to the eye;
And o'er the waves, still warring with the gale,
The moon was shining calm, and cold and pale.
Frown'd sea and strand, but heaven divinely
smiled;
And, cheer'd I sought the hermit in the wild.
I reach'd his wonted station on the shore;
I found him there; and to the billow's roar
He seem'd to listen from his bed of sand,
His face to heaven, his head upon his hand.

I paused—and felt at heart a deadly chill:
Did ever breathing bosom lie so still?
Wan as the ocean's foam, with unclosed eye,
As if to take his farewell of the sky,
Serene he lay in everlasting rest,
The faithful terrier pining on his breast.

"Scarce hath the lily faded on her shroud,
Since earth's cold curtain, like a friendly cloud,
Closed o'er our sinful sister! and the tear
Of dread and woe is damp upon her bier.
She did but go before him: he is here!

"Yes fallen and hapless maiden! *he* is come
Who sent thy nameless baby to the tomb,
And led thee forth from Paradise to weep:
In silence by thy side his dust shall sleep.
Poor sufferer! is the day of trouble past?
And have ye reach'd a sheltering port at last?
Ye pair whom death hath wedded! may ye rise
From that cold bed redeem'd, beyond the skies
To bless Eternal Merey, when the powers
Of sin are vanquish'd! but to us and our's,
Long shall your union be a mournful page,
In admonition rich: and youth and age [eye
(Not taught like you) shall read with streaming
Your letter'd stone, and ponder solemnly.
Youth! wouldst thou end in woe? in guilt begin;
The curse of God is in the house of sin.'
Look here, unholy Love! thy victims these:
Behold thy triumphs! thou, whose lip can freeze

The warmest bosom—blast the fairest face!
Thou who canst wed affection to disgrace,
Turn beauty's locks to horror with thy breath,
And round youth's temples bind the coronal of death!"

The earth fell heavy on the coffin'd clay
That, deep interr'd, awaits the Judgment-day.
A sudden whirlwind shook the Gospel-oak;
White in the bay the booming billow broke;
And there was tumult in the lurid sky,
Red battle in the clouds; and terror's eye
Saw forms of dread through Heaven's broad desert roam:
Close press'd the awe-struck crowd, and hurried home.
Even Kirk himself, who scorn'd the utter'd word
A cold freethinker, simpering while he heard,
Felt his heart awed with new reflection now,
And thoughts unwelcome sadden'd on his brow.
O'er the cold dead broods silence, hush'd and deep
And Henley slumbers where his victims sleep.

NOTES.

[a] *Cold o'er thy bosom shall the earth-worm glide.*

The idea of concluding this poem with a funeral sermon was suggested to me after hearing an oration delivered by the Rev. Jacob Brettell, on the death of my early teacher, one of the most respectable of an ill-rewarded class of men—an humble schoolmaster. He was one of those unsophisticated beings whom the *improved* state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of genius, of infantine kindliness, of patriarchal simplicity, the gentlest and most benevolent of living creatures. Humble, pious, industrious, and resigned, "he lived and died as few can live and die;" and his appropriate epitaph would be, "Here lies the best of men, Joseph Ramsbottom."

[b] *But thou no more, with eye refresh'd, shalt see*
The long-watched seedling from the soil aspire.

That fondness for flowers, which has distinguished many able men, was remarkable in Joseph Ramsbottom.

[c] *Or polyanthus, edged with golden wire.*

The distinct edge in the polyanthus is one mark of a good flower. Depth of colour is another.

[d] *when winds of midnight play*
On that wild harp which well thy skill could frame

Joseph Ramsbottom was at once an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic. He was in the habit of amusing his few leisure hours with the constructiou of various nick-nacks, and, among others, the Æolian harp.

[e] *For dire Metacom quell'd.*

Metacom, the celebrated King Phillip, whose history forms the subject of a poem on which the author is at present engaged.

"Yet be the savage in the man forgiven."

Elliot, I am told, could not possiby have uttered this sentiment. I am, perhaps, wrong in raising him above the prejudices of the times.

"The death of Phillip in retrospect makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was then considered as the extinction of a virulent and implacable enemy: it is now viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, and a mighty prince. It then excited universal joy and congratulation, as the prelude to the close of a merciless war: it now awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage! and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of

the barbarities of the warrior. Phillip, in the progress of the English settlements, foresaw the loss of his territory, and the ruin of his tribe; and made one mighty effort to prevent those calamities. Our pity for his misfortunes would be still heightened, if we could rely on the tradition, that Philip and his chief old men were at first averse to the war; that he wept at the news of the first English who were killed; and that he was pressed into those measures by the irresistible importunity of his young warriors."—*Hubbard's Narrative, and Hazard, Coll.*

f *Kirk with gloomy stare*
Perused each sun-brown'd warrior's haughty air,
And, starting, almost fear'd rebellion there.

"Complaints were made to the King against Massachusetts. Charles II. had not yet been proclaimed by them."—*Holmes.*

"An address to the King was agreed to, and ordered to be sent to England."—*Ibid.*

"The Court published an order the same day, forbidding disorderly behaviour on the occasion, and in a particular manner; 'that no man shall presume to drink his majesty's health, which,' the order says, 'he hath in an especial manner forbid.' This last prohibition, whatever was its origin, was very prudent. Had what was forbidden been enjoined, it might have proved too severe a test of the loyalty of the colonists; especially if what Chalmers says were strictly true, that King Charles and New England mutually hated, contemned, and feared each other during his reign; because the one suspected its principle of attachment, and the other dreaded an invasion of privileges."—*Hutchinson.*

g *The moon-beam trembled o'er the Gospel-Oak,*
Beneath whose shade Newhaven's fathers kept
Their first sweet Sabbath.

"John Davenport, a celebrated Minister of Coleman-street, in London, accompanied by Theophilus Eaton and Edward Hopkins, merchants of London, with several other respectable persons, arrived this summer (1637) at Boston. The unmolested enjoyment of civil and religious liberty was the object of their emigration."—*Holmes.*

"Davenport, Eaton, and the rest of their company, sailed from Boston for Quinnipiac; and in about a fortnight arrived at the desired port. On the 18th of April 1531, they kept their first Sabbath in the place under a large spreading oak, where Davenport preached to them."—*Holmes.*

"In the spring of the year, an order was given to the Lord Treasurer to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships then in the Thames, prepared to sail for New England. By this order, Oliver Cromwell, Sir Arthur Hazlerig, John Hampden, and other patriots, were prevented from coming to America. How limited the foresight of man—how inscrutable the counsels of God! By this arbitary measure, Charles I., far from suspecting that the future revolutions of his kingdom were to be excited and directed by persons in such a humble sphere of life, forcibly detained the men destined to overturn his throne and terminate his days by a violent death."--*Holmes*

h *While Elliot,*
Beneath the Gospel-oak essay'd to speak.

"On the 28th of October, 1646, the Reverend John Elliot commenced those pious and indefatigable labours among the natives, which ultimately procured for him the title of the Indian Apostle. His first visit was to the Indians of Norrantum."—*Holmes.*

"On the approach of Elliot, with three other persons, Waban, a wise and grave Indian, attended by five or six others, met him, and welcomed him and his companions into a large wigwam, where a considerable number of his countrymen attended, to hear the new doctrine. After a short prayer in English, Mr Elliot preached a sermon of an hour's length in the Indian language, and was well understood by his attentive auditory. Many of the hearers listened to the discourse with tears. Waban received religious impressions which were never afterwards lost." —*Hutchinson.*

"The Indian translation of the new testament, by the Rev. John Elliot, was finished this year (1661) printed, and dedicated to Charles II."—*Holmes.*

"The Rev. John Elliot completed his translation of the Bible in the Indian language, which was now (1664) printed at Cambridge."—*Hutchinson.*

i *The curse of God is in the house of sin.*

"The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked." Prov. c. iii. v. 33.

k *Rank blooms the deadly mushroom in the heart.*

The fact here alluded to is not uncommon in warm climates.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEFFIELD.

LORD! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words for ever speak;
A grave for tyrants then was made,
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, thy wond'rous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dar'd.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry:
He shook the thron'd on dead men's bones,
He shakes—all evil yet to be!

The pow'r he grasp'd let none disdain;
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will.

It conquers here! the fight is won!
We thank thee, Lord, with many a tear!
For many a not unworthy son
Of Caxton, does thy bidding here.

We help ourselves, thy cause we aid;
We build for Heav'n, beneath the skies:
And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
Our daily bread of tyrants' sighs.

THE PRIMROSE.

SURELY that man is pure in thought and deed,
Whom spirits teach in breeze-borne melodies;
For he finds tongues in every flower and weed,
And admonition in mute harmonies;
Erect he moves, by truth and beauty led,
And climbs his throne, for such a monarch meet,
To gaze on vallies, that, around him spread,
Carpet the hall of heav'n beneath his feet.

How like a trumpet, under all the skies,
Blown to convene all forms that love his beams,
Light speaks in splendour to the poet's eyes,
O'er dizzy rocks and woods, and headlong streams!
How like the voice of woman, when she sings
To her belov'd, of love and constancy,
The vernal odours, o'er the murmurings
Of distant waters, pour their melody
Into his soul, mix'd with the throstle's song
And the wren's twitter! Welcome then, again,
Love-listening primrose! Though not parted long,
We meet like lovers, after years of pain;
Oh, thou bring'st blissful childhood back to me!
Thou still art loveliest in the lonest place;
Still, as of old, Day glows with love for thee,
And reads our heav'nly Father in thy face.
Surely thy thoughts are humble and devout,
Flower of the pensive gold! for why should heav'n
Deny to thee his noblest boon of thought,
If to earth's demi-gods 'tis vainly given?
Answer me, sinless sister! Thou hast speech,
Though silent. Fragrance is thy eloquence,
Beauty thy language; and thy smile might teach
Ungrateful man to pardon Providence.

SPENCERIAN.

Sun of Destruction! ne'er again arise,
The flamy gloom of flaming temples o'er
To shout thy words of fire, beneath red skies,
Athwart fire-gleaming sea, & burning shore—
'Burn, burn, till all is burned!' Never more
Let men say, 'Light destroys.' No, rather crown
The Good dethron'd with beams that shone of yore;
As when a bard, of yet unborn renown,
Casts o'er his deathless page the light of suns gone down.

SPRING.

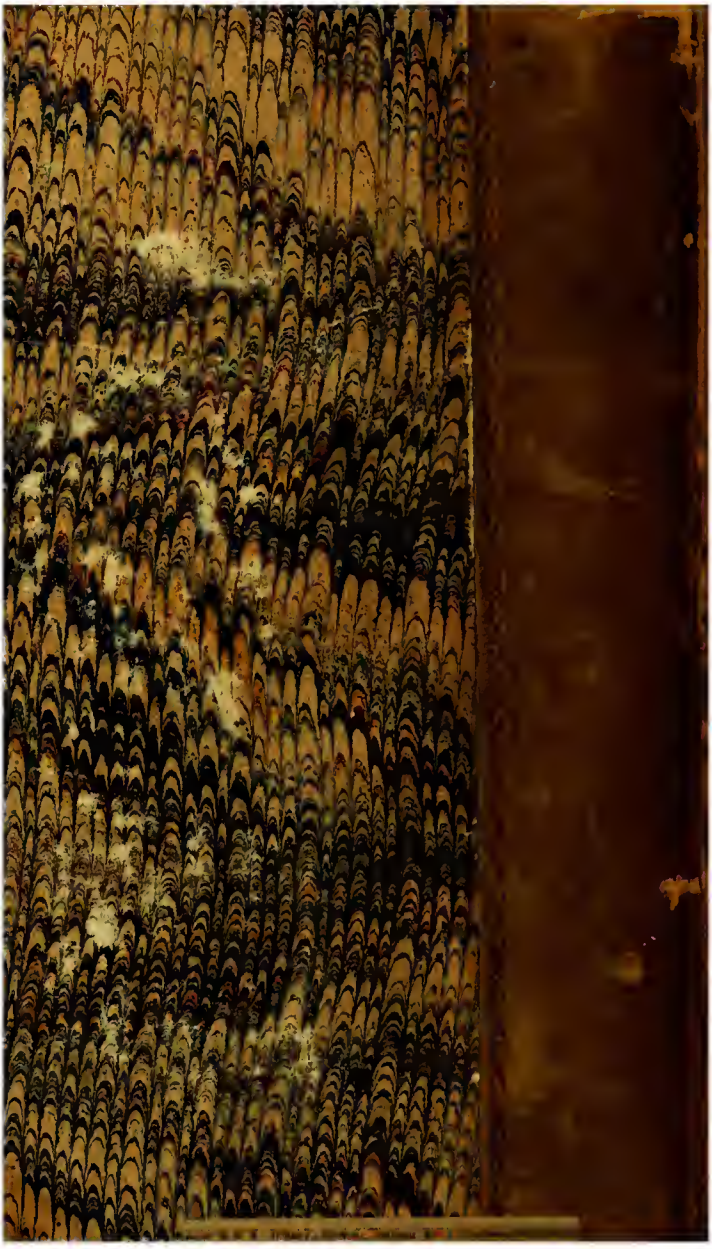
Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoic'd that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb!

And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the mor n
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heav'n expands.

A SHADOW

"Words, words, Horatio!"—*Shakspeare.*

A POOR, affrighted worm
Where sky and mountain meet,
I stood before the storm
And heard his strong heart beat.
He drew his black brows down;
My knees each other smote;
The mountains felt his frown,
His dark unutter'd thought.
The mountains, at his scowl,
Pray'd mutely to the skies:
He spoke, and shook my soul;
He scorch'd me with his eyes.

Alone, beneath the sky,
I stood the storm before:
No! God, the Storm, and I,
We trode the desert floor;
High on the mountain sod,
The whirlwind's dwelling place,
The Worm, the Storm, and God
Were present face to face.
From earth a shadow brake,
E'en where my feet had trod;
The shadow laugh'd and spake
And shook his hand at God.
Then up it rear'd its head,
Beneath the lightning's blaze;
"Omnipotent!" it said,
"Bring back my yesterdays."
God smil'd the gloom away,
Wide earth and heav'n were bright;
In light my shadow lay,
I stood with God in light,
With Him who wings the storm,
Or bids the storm be still,
The shadow of a worm
Held converse on the hill.

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